Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 36.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two gentlemen at the South are informed that their Sporting Reviews for October were missing from our bundle of English Magazines, received by the Packet of the 1st. We shall not fail to inform our agent of the omission, the first opportunity.

Our friend at Rochester will accept our thanks for his report of the races in that town.

When an application is made to us for such a dog, we will bear G. W. D.'s letter in mind.

E. P. E. D. will accept our best thanks for his kind letter; the corrections he will observe have been made. The remittance was duly received about the end of July last.

The gentleman who so regularly, and so generously sends us from London files of English papers is again entitled to our warmest thanks; the papers come with each London packet, and are of great service.

T. D. must not be omitted, who kindly sent us the "Courier" from Indiana, with the Terre Haute races.

Such a letter as that of G. H. S. does not reach us often. Accept our thanks, Sir; the papers shall be forwarded.

The continued absence of the Senior editor is again offered as an excuse for neglecting correspondents. This apology need not, we trust, be often again made.

This paper to-day abounds in American race reports; for them we are indebted to a great number of friends, whom we need not more particularly name.

"Sumter" is received, but at rather a late day.

G. O. is received—too busy to-day to read anything longer than a bank notice—wish they were not so plenty.

W. S. and his enclosed letter for "Pete" reached us in safety—the latter shall be forwarded to the "varmint," and we can assure the Editor of &c. that it will please him, and call forth a response.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

NEWS BY THE GREAT WESTERN.

In the night of Saturday last this steam-ship came in, making her passage in fourteen days, and bringing London dates to the evening of the 18th of Oct. On Tuesday of this week the packet of the 1st of October (the *Virginian*) arrived, and by her we received our magazines for the month; and our desk is, in consequence of the two arrivals, crowded with papers, books and magazines. The reader may obtain a taste of the latter in our pages to-day; we can hardly recollect when the literary extracts of the "Spirit" were livelier. Colburn's "New Monthly" is very rich for October, and has given three *good* articles—*Speech-making after dinner* may be the best—*the Unexpected Meeting* is not so lackadaisical as its name imports—the other magazines can and will speak for themselves.

From the newspapers we have cut the long explanation of Dr. CLARK of his connection with the unfortunate and lamented Lady FLORA HASTINGS. His statement has quelled, in a good measure, the storm of indignation raised against him in England; the more violent of the Tory journals, however, are still pouring their wrath upon him; a "Morning Post" we have not read, in our three weeks' file, that does not devote two columns to defaming him.

Prince ALBERT of Saxe Cobourg, the reputed husband that is to be of Queen VICTORIA, has arrived in England. It gives the British German-haters, whose names are legion, a grand opportunity to pour abuse upon the Cobourg family. The match would appear to be pretty safe, but if the obloquy of the press, heaped upon Albert, and upon German alliances, without stint or measure, or even delicacy, can prevent it, it will not take place. The young prince is said to be handsome and accomplished, and to have won the young queen at first sight.

Mr. and Mrs. ABRAHAM VAN BUREN returned in the Great Western. He had just been invited to a grand entertainment by the Lord Mayor of London, but was unable to attend. This did not break up the affair, for we have great accounts of the sumptuous display on the occasion of the feast. Mr. WEBSTER and Dr. LINN, of Missouri, were present, and the former made a speech.

The Marquis of WATERFORD is said to be making preparations for a tournament at his castle of Ford, in Scotland—Mr. WILLIS's description of the Eglinton tournament will appear in the "Corsair" of to-day. We anticipate a rich picture from him.

It has become the fashion to ridicule the Earl of EGLINTON for the amount of money he squandered on his tournament. A subscription for a piece of plate, to be presented to him by the company assembled on the occasion at Eglinton Castle, and to remain in his family for ever, in commemoration of that splendid and eminently successful entertainment, has been started, and £1600 already put down. Satisfactory token this that his liberality is properly appreciated.

TOM MOORE is soon to publish a new poem, to be called "Alciphron;" to come out with a new edition of "The Epicurian."

We are yet more pleased to learn that Mrs. JAMIESON has a new work in press—"Social Life in Germany" is the title. Those who recollect her notices of modern art in Germany and Italy, scattered through several of her journals, and her still more elaborate and beautiful "Characteristics of Women," will rejoice that she again appears before the public as an authoress.

We have all heard in this country of the promotion of M. PONTOIS, the late Ambassador from France at Washington. He has been raised to the peerage, and sent to Constantinople. The following is said to have been the manner in which his elevation was announced to him:—He had an audience to take leave. He was received very affectionately; and just as he was on the point of retiring, his Majesty said, 'M. de Pontois, without doubt you are a highly gifted personage, but still something is wanting to enable you to represent perfectly the French Government at Constantinople.' It may be easily imagined that both surprise and modesty raised several protestations in the breast of M de Pontois. In vain he endeavored to read the august physiognomy before him His Majesty enjoyed this perplexity for some minutes, but at length said, 'Yes, M. de Pontois, something was still wanting; and here it is.' The future rival of M. de Boutenieff received with respectful emotion the receipt for making a *perfect* diplomatist. It consisted of letters patent of *noblesse*. The following morning the diplomatist's cards were thus distributed about Paris:—'Le Count Edouard de Pontois, P. P. C.'"

The following anecdote reminds us so strongly of a similar noble act in our own country, that we copy it from an English provincial paper. Our sporting readers will not be at a loss for the application:—

Brotherly Love.—It is with unfeigned gratification that we learn from an authentic source that John E. Lacon, Esq, has, in the most handsome and disinterested manner, divided the large fortune left to him by his father, the late Sir E. K. Lacon, Bart., equally with his elder brother, Sir H. K. Lacon. Bart. It will be remembered that the present Baronet married, contrary to the desire of his father, a daughter of Mr. Hammett, a partner in the house of Esdaile and Co., bankers. The old Baronet never forgave this act of insubordination in his son, and consequently left nearly all to his younger son, J. E. Lacon, Esq., who, with most noble feeling, has divided the property with his elder brother.

The first October meeting at Newmarket may be found reported on the 9th page of this day's paper. *Euclid* ran another dead heat there—for the *Grand Duke Michael Stakes*; the Duke of GRAFTON's *Æther*, by St. Patrick, ran him thus close. Euclid won the race.

A 2 year old colt, by Glencoe, out of Margellina by Whisker, won the *Buckinghom Produce* and the *Rutland Stakes*, carrying 3lbs. extra for the latter.

Crucifix, the great Priam filly of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, won the *Hopeful* Stake in a canter, carrying 9lbs. extra, beating a strong field. She likewise won the *Clearwell* Stakes, at the second October meeting, carrying 7lbs. extra, and beating five others; betting 9 to 2 on her. This makes her sixth race, all important ones, and she won all but the first one, with heavy extra weights. She must be an extraordinary animal; 3 to 1 were the odds laid against her for the *Oaks*, ran in May next. She has yet more engagements for this season, which she is booked to win *certain*. She has already won a moderate fortune for her owner

Æther beat *Ion* in the Second October meeting, for a plate of £50; another Glencoe. *Warden* came out to be runhere and won a plate of like amount, beating eightor nine others.

The great event of this meeting was the *Cesarewitch Stakes*, so called from the free gift of £300 by his Imperial Highness, and to be run for annually. It is a free handicap, and there were near thirty acceptances. Lord MILTOWN's *Cruiskeen* won it, beating nine others. The winner, and *Mickleton Maid*, were the favorites, at 7 to 2 against each. Lord Miltown is said to have netted £7000 by the race, which his Irish filly won cleverly.

Crucifix was to start for the *Prendergast* on Friday, the 18th ult., but the returns of that day have not reached us, the "Western" sailing on Saturday.—Our report of the meeting is from a daily paper. We may wait for "Bell's Life" of the 20th before giving the full details. The British Queen will probably arrive, with dates to the 1st inst., before our next paper goes to press.

The Howden Great Horse Fiar was held this year as usual, about the 1st of October. It is the most considerable in Great Britain. A number of London dealers were down in the neighborhood for some time previous to the fair, making extensive purchases of first-rate hunters and carriage horses. It is principally as a colt fair, however, that Howden is famous, and especially for first-rate colts is reckoned one of the first in the kingdom. The show of horses was the largest known for a considerable number of years. A respectable London dealer was heard to say that there were more horses exhibited at Howden fair during the week than are to be seen at any other fair in the world.

Many valuable horses left Howden for London, Italy, Germany, and many parts of the continent, during the past week Hunters were looked after with great avidity, the greater part having been so'd in the inn-yards. Very excellent prices were given, prime hunters fetching from £150 to £200 each, whils t those of an inferior grade were bought up at proportionate prices. Good coach horses were equally prizeable, and found ready customers at the best prices The great demand for this description of horses, both in England, and on the continent, will probably induce their farmers to turn themselves to this lucrative business, and the breeding of coach horses will engross more of their attention. The extension of the foreign demand for English-bred horses is worthy of note, as it has already become a considerable branch of traffic, and so will i continue until foreign breeds are sufficiently improved and extended by the cross and admixture with the finest British stock.

Lord G. Bentinck has sold Grey Momus to Count Mahn, to go to Germany.

Lord Tavistock's stallion, Taurus, is now in Germany, Baron Biel having purchased him a short time since.

Charles XII, whose portrait we give this week, is turned out at his owner's residence, Heslington Hall, near York, where he will remain during the winter. Bell's Life in London, in noticing this, says that it is a curious coincidence in the annals of the Turf, that horses of eminence and superiority have occasionally evinced a strong partiality and attachment to some other animal which circumstances may have placed with them. Among those are the Godolphin Arabian, whose attachment to a cat, which was his companion, has always been particularly noticed, and Dungannon, who likewise evinced a great partiality to a sheep. Like these distinguished horses, Charles appears to have placed his affections upon a young grimalkin, who takes up her abode in his stable, sleeps on his back, and gambols around him with the greatest freedom, and whose intimacy and friendship appears to meet with reciprocity of attachment on the part of the horse. When the horse came home, young pussy accompanied her favorite to Heslington, and rode, we understand, in his muzzle, which was strapped at his side.

The dead heat for the St. Leger this year was not run so quick as *Don John* ran over the same course by several seconds. 3:17 or 3:17½ was his time—that of Charles is now said to be 3:26, and the deciding heat 3:45.

In England, racing defaulters are stimulated to the discharge of their obligations by such "hints" as these in the several sporting papers.

"We have received from several quarters the names of sundry lieges, some "wanting" on the late St. Leger, and others "remanets" from the last Derby; we think it sufficient to give them this hint, and, to afford the parties time to "come to the scratch," shall postpone for a short period the "show up" which our duty will compel us to make." This makes the young gentlemen "tally."

The hunting season was just commencing in England by last accounts, and the magazines which for several months in the year are devoted almost exclusively to the chase, already begin to give note of preparation. Whole pages are occupied with lists of the hounds in distinguished packs. When we see any brilliant runs recorded, our readers shall have a taste of them.

We still incline to the belief that *Economist* has been purchased for this country. Another steam-ship will clear up the doubt.

A great Cricket match, Sussex against all England, is reported on the 9th page. England won by six wickets. The match played last week may be found on the 3d page.

A travestied affair of honor upon the 5th page, may please the reader. We note the whereabouts of certain articles, lest in so large a sheet they should be overlooked.

A great match has just been decided between Earl SPENCER and Mr. SELMES. The latter had proposed to show one hundred Sussex beasts of his own breed, against one hundred of any other breed in England, bred by the same person. Earl Spencer accepted the challenge with short horns, and won the wager. The next "Farmer's Magazine" will doubtless bring us full details of the award, and nthe principles upon which it was made. At present we have but the award itself, with the lists of the cattle exhibited.

Our English Sporting magazines for October look rich—particularly the Old 'un. The "New Sporter" commends and endorses an article from the Loudon "Sunday Times" upon the late Doncaster meeting; in consequence of this recommendation, we have copied the article on our 10th page. It is interesting for turfmen, and points to unfairness in the case of Bloomsbury.

At a dinner of the Northumberland Agricultural Society, the "health of Mr. ORDE and *Bee's-wing*" (his favorite mare) was given. The toast was drawn out by some highly amusing observations from Mr. Orde, in reference to the breeding of horses, in which he intimated that a certain Irishman had offered him three thousand pounds for Bee's-wing, in order that she might not run at Doncaster; but he said she should run, and that he would rather please his friends in Northumberland, who had backed his mare, than put money into his own pocket.

It will be recollected that she did run, and was beaten for the Cup by Charles XII. The engraving of this Cup we have had copied for our columns, but could only find room for the *winner of it* this week; wait one week, good reader.

The Agricultural Societies in England are mustering in great force to celebrate their anniversaries. The most distinguished noblemen in the realm take part in them, as well as the wealthy farmers; the result is unquestionably most propitious to the formation of agricultural knowledge, and the profession is elevated in public estimation. The papers are filled with reports of the dinners by which they uniformly commemorate their meetings, and the eloquent speeches are given at length. To this good feeling, to the intelligence thus circulated, and the emulation excited by the prizes offered, are we in a considerable degree to attribute the palmy state of English agriculture, and the constant improvement of English stock. May we soon rival the "old country" in these appliances for improvement and their wholesome fruits!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia and the Princess Mary of Darmstadt. A Frankfort correspondent of the *Courrier Francais*, after stating that the hereditary Grand Duke of Russia is expected next month at Darmstadt, gives the following account of the origin of the intended marriage between the Prince and Princess Mary:—"It appears that the Princess had been very much kept in the back-ground by the Grand Duke, her father, who entertained no view of so splendid an alliance for her. The hereditary Grand Duke of Russia returning, like the heirs apparent in the old eastern tales, from a tour from Court to Court, to select a wife from the numerous Princesses who were on the list, and like them wearied with his tour, and disappointed in his expectation, was delighted to arrive at Darmstadt, where, as there was no Princess to marry, he might be allowed to repose after the tedious ceremonies of Courts, in which the marriageable daughters had been brought forward in the hope of captivating his heart. At the first Court party, however, his Imperial Highness remarked in a corner of the room a beautiful young girl of fifteen, dressed in plain white, and who was sitting unnoticed by the brilliant throng. The illustrious tourist inquired of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt who this young lady, who had not been presented to him, was, and, with some embarrassment on the part of the father, was told that it was his daughter. The simple and interesting appearance of the Princess produced an immediate effect upon the Prince, who, after an hour's conversation with her, in which he found that the beauties of her mind equalled those of her person, sent a courier to the Emperor to request his consent to their union, which was not refused."

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S MONKEY.

It is with the deepest regret we have to announce the demise of one of her Majesty's favorites. Some time since Prince Albert of Coburg made a present to her Majesty of a young, active, and very *knowing* monkey, and it was duly domiciled in a cage, manufactured expressly for him, and placed in one of the apartments at Windsor Castle. Jocko, who understood nearly every thing that was said to him, was a very great favorite of her Majesty, and of many about the court. During the early part of last week symptoms of indisposition manifested themselves, and Jocko continuing to get worse, the attendance of Mr Cross, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, was commanded at the Castle. Mr. Cross arrived at Windsor on Saturday se'nnight, but too late to save the Royal favorite. He was then placed in a warm bath, and afterwards wrapped up in flannel, and in that state expired the same evening. It was determined that the skin should undergo the process of stuffing, and Mr. Cross was directed to superintend the operation. Mr. Cross left Windsor on Sunday morning last with the hide of poor Jocko, which, when completed, is to be placed in a glass case amongst the curiosities of the Castle. Mr. Cross gave it as his opinion that the disease which carried off Jocko was consumption, a disorder which is the cause of death to nine-tenths of the monkey tribe in this country.

We understand that the funeral of Jocko was conducted in the most respectful manner. His coffin was borne by Lord Alfred Paget, the Hon. W. Cowper, Master C. A. Murray, and Lord Gardner. The prayers were read over his lamented body by Mr. Robert Owen. We understand Sir James Clark declined prescribing. Jocko left a will, in which he bequeaths "his Tail" to Lord Melbourne, in case he should lose the support of that of the great Irish beast—his agility to Palmerston—his grin to Normanby—his tongue to any lady of the Court who may like it—his teeth to Conyngham, of "Tusk" an ancestry—his skin to Sam Crawley, because he knows it will be well stuffed. A handsome tomb has been erected over his remains, in the grounds adjoining the Terrace, on which is the following Epitaph, written by the Court Laureate:—

ELEGY ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HER MAJESTY'S MONKEY, JOCKO.

RECITATIVE.

Catullus mourned the death of Lesbia's sparrow,
And Bion o'er his Puryne's dove complains,
But oh! far deeper griefs our bosom harrow,
And wake the lyre to Elegiac strains.
Nor favorite sparrow nor kiss-wooing dove.
Oh, no! nor Sterne's theme—Franconian donkey,
Raises our spirit this low earth above—
Our theme of sorrow is Victoria's monkey.

Darkness reigns in the Palace walls,
And Royalty's brow is drooping;
Fast and full the grief-tear falls,
For Jocko has died a-crouping.

He died—the Simian favorite died,
Yet blest in death was Monkey;
Around him mourns the Castle's pride,
Each high-born dame and flunkey.

Slight marvel! Jocko chattered like
Full many a favored Court-man;
His bite was sharp—his claws could strike
As deep as Lady P——n.

He had a *tail*—oh! emblem dear!
It caused a great sensation;
It brought O'Connell's glory near
To the Sovereign of the nation.

Oh! could not, could not Sir James Clark,
Preserve him from that rum 'un's
Gripe, King Death, and keep his breath
From answering the fell summons!

Was ipecacuanha given—
A cataplasm applied!
Was [illegible] prayer shriven,
Before poor Jocko died!

Peace to thy manes! Simian shade
I [illegible] thy berth;
May Proserpine be *there* to thee
What Vic has been on earth!

SIR JAMES CLARK'S STATEMENT OF THE CASE OF THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

So long as the accusations brought against me, in reference to the case of the late Lady Flora Hastings, continued to be either anonymous or unauthorized, I felt it right to submit in silence to every species of provocation, rather than bring before the public circumstances of a very delicate nature, which came within my knowledge in the implied confidence of professional intercourse. The publication, however, of the Marquis Hastings, the nearest relative of Lady Flora Hastings, made me doubt seriously whether, in regard to myself as well as the profession, I was justified in not laying before the public an account of the case so far as I was concerned. The renewed attacks which have followed that publication permit me no longer to hesitate; although, now, it is with the utmost reluctance I bring myself to enter into details which, I am of opinion ought never to have been made the subject of public discussion.

"On the 10th of January last I was consulted by Lady Flora Hastings who had that day arrived from Scotland, and had came into waiting on her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. She had derangement of the bowels, and of the general health, and she complained of pain low in the left side. There was also considerable enlargement of the lower part of the abdomen.

Under the use of some very simple remedies the derangement of the bowels and the pain in the side gradually abated, and ultimately ceased; and Lady Flora complained only of weakness.

The size of the abdomen, however, continued undiminished; and Lady Flora's appearance became the subject of remark in the Palace. About the 1st of February, as nearly as I am able to fix the date, I was sent for by Lord Melbourne; and on going to him, his Lordship informed me that a communication had been made to him by Lady Tavistock, respecting Lady Flora Hastings, whose appearance had given rise to a suspicion in the Palace that she might be privately married; his Lordship asked my opinion on the subject. I stated in reply, that, while I thought such suspicions ought not to be readily listened to, I was, at the same time, bound to admit to him that the appearance of Lady Flora in some degree countenanced them. I added that, without more ample means of observation, I could not venture to give an opinion on the subject; and his Lordship agreed with me that no step should then be taken in the matter.

From this time the conditon of Lady Flora Hastings caused me considerable anxiety. The only source, besides pregnancy, from which the size and peculiar form of the abdomen could proceed, was disease; but the probability of disease being the sole cause in Lady Flora's case was diminished by the circumstance that the enlargement was accompanied by very little derangement of health. In fact, Lady Flora continued to perform her usual duties with apparently little inconvenience to herself. I continued to visit Lady Flora about twice a week, from the 10th of January to the 16th of February, and on several occasions examined the state of the abdomen over her dress; but being unable in this way to satisfy myself as to the nature of the enlargement, I at length expressed to her my uneasiness respecting her size, and requsted, that at my next visit, I might be permitted to lay my hand on her abdomen with her stays removed. To this Lady Flora declined to accede.

Matters remained in this state till the 16th of February. On that day I found it had been determined that I should acquaint Lady Flora with the suspicions that existed in the Palace, and should suggest her calling another physician into consultation with me. Before visiting Lady Flora, I asked Lady Portman, the Lady in Waiting, if I might use her name to Lady Flora, as one of the ladies who had entertained the suspicion respecting her. To this, Lady Portman at once assented. Her Ladyship then described the peculiarities in Lady Flora's form and carraige, which had produced the impression in regard to her state. To the question as to what my opinion on the subject was, I replied that the appearance were certainly very suspicious, but that even to medical men such appearances were often deceptive. Lady Portman concluded by observing, that for the sake of Lady Flora Hastings herself, as well as of the Court, it was neccessary that the matter should be cleared up. Immediately after this interview with Lady Portman I went to Lady Flora for the purpose of making to her this very unpleasant communication; and I need hardly add that I made it in the most delicate terms which I could employ. After a few remarks on the state of her health, I told her that her size had attracted the attention of the ladies, and that it was now my painful duty to acquaint her Ladyship that they had, in consequence been led to suspect that she must be privately married. This was the mode, amd these were the words in which the painful communication was made.

I urged Lady Flora, for obvious reasons, if there were grounds for this suspicion, to acknowledge the fact, and if not, to see another physician at once, to put an end to the rumor. Lady Flora denied that there were any grounds whatever for the suspicion, and named Sir Charles Clarke, who, she said, had known her from her childhood, as the physician she would wish to be called in; but she declined, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, to see him on that day. This refusal, after the reasons which I had given, lessened, very considerably the effect upon my mind of her Ladyship's denial.

After the interview with Lady Flora, it remained for me to communicate what had passed to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. I therefore informed Lady Flora that I was going to her Royal Highness for the purpose: to the propriety of this Lady Flora immediately assented I accordingly went to the Duchess of Kent, and stated the nature of the interview I had had with Lady Flora. Her Royal Highness immediately expressed her entire disbelief of any thing injurious to Lady Flora's character, and she asked me my opinion. However reluctant I felt to express any doubts on the subject after Lady Flora's declaration, I could not decline giving a conscientious reply to her Royal Highness's question; and I answered to the effect that the suspicions I previously entertained were not removed.

In the course of the evening of the day in which I made the communication to Lady Flora Hastings, I received a note from her Ladyship of which the following is a copy—

"Saturday.

"Sir—Although I think you perfectly understood me this morning, that I did not wish you to take any steps without hearing from me, it is perhaps better to obviate the possibility of any mistake that I should distinctly say so. I shall be governed entirely by her Royal Highness's wishes and orders.

"Your's sincerely, FLORA ELIZ. HASTINGS."

I heard nothing more on the subject till the afternoon of the following day, (Sunday, February 17th,) when I received another note from Lady Flora; of which the following is a copy—

"Sir—By her Royal Highness's command, I have written to ask Sir Charles Clarke to name an hour this afternoon to come to me. He has answered my note by coming, and is now here. Could you come and meet him?

"Your's sincerely, F. E. HASTINGS."

On receiving this note, I immediately went to Lady Flora, and found Sir Charles with her Ladyship. He stated to me, in Lady Flora's presence, as part of the conversation he had had with her, that he urged her, if there were any grounds for the suspicions entertained, to admit the fact now, as after the examination it would be too late.

After this conversation, Lady Flora requested that Lady Portman might be called in. On her arrival, Lady Flora retired to her chamber, where her maid was in attendance. After Sir Charles Clarke had made an examination, he returned with me to the sitting-room, and stated, as the result, that there could be no pregnancy; but, at the same time, he expressed a wish that I also should make an examination. This I at first declined, stating it to be unnecessary; but, on his earnestly urging me to do so, I felt that a further refusal might be construed into a desire to shrink from a share of the responsibility, and I accordingly yielded. After finally consulting, we gave the following certificate:

(COPY OF CERTIFICATE.)

"Buckingham Palace, 17th February 1839.

"We have examined with great care the state of Lady Flora Hastings, with a view to determine the existence or non-existence of pregnancy, and it is our opinion, although there is an enlargement of the stomach, that there are no grounds for suspicion that pregnancy does exist, or ever did exist.

(Signed) "CHARLES M. CLARKE, M.D.
JAMES CLARK, M.D."

Before parting with Lady Flora, both Sir Charles Clarke and myself pressed upon her Ladyship the expediency of her appearing on that day at table as usual.

Such is a plain statement of the leading facts of this unfortunate case so far as I am concerned. That I was unable to ascertain the true nature of Lady Flora's state, I at once admit, and most deeply regret; but when the difficulties which frequently occur in cases of this description, even where every facility is afforded for investigation, are considered, it can scarcely be made a matter of reproach to me that, amidst the disadvantages under which I labored, I was unable to affirm that Lady Flora's change of appearance was the result of disease, and of disease alone. If even Sir Charles Clarke did not venture to express a positive opinion until after a careful examination, it will be readily conceded that no other person could have done so without recurring to some similar proceeding. And if any thing further were required to establish the difficulties of this very peculiar case, and the heavy responsibility attaching to a decision on it, Sir Charles Clarke knows that there are other facts connected with it, which prove in the most unequivocal manner both the one and the other; facts which do not throw the slightest shade of doubt on the purity of Lady Flora, nor are matter of blame to *any one*, but which it is not necessary to bring before the public.

The *post mortem* examination established the fact, that the death of Lady Flora Hastings was occasioned by extensive disease, dating its origin "at some remoter and distant period of time;" and yet such was the obscurity of the symptoms which, during life, accompanied the disease, that its nature became evident a few weeks only before Lady Flora's death; and the fact of its having involved every organ within the abdomen, was revealed only by the *post mortem* examination.

I think it right to notice, in this place, a part of my conduct which may at first sight appear censurable. I allude to the admission of my suspicion that Lady Flora might be pregnant, before I had been permitted more fully to examine into her state. Under almost any other circumstances, it would have been highly improper for me to have answered an inquiry on such a subject; but as I could not authoritatively remove suspicions founded upon appearances, which, taken alone, would in a great majority of cases indicate what was feared, and not the singular state of disease revealed after the death of Lady Flora, I felt it my duty, considering the very peculiar responsibility which attached to me, to confine the doubt which was in my own mind to those who had a right to demand my real opinion, and who, I felt assured, could not use it in a manner unfriendly to Lady Flora.

I shall now notice such parts of the publication of the Marquis of Hastings as more particularly relate to me. An extract is given by his Lordship from a letter written by Lady Flora Hastings to the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, dated March 13th, nearly a month after the event, in which it is stated that, at my visit to communicate to Lady Flora the suspicions entertained respecting her, I became "violent and coarse, and even attempted to browbeat" her Ladyship! I hope I may refer to my character alone as a sufficient reply to this accusation; moreover, on the occasion referred to, there could be no motive for such conduct. Any earnestness that I may have shown in my manner, could have for its object only that Lady Flora, for her own sake, should see Sir Charles Clarke on that day. In corroboration of my own solemn disavowal of the conduct imputed to me, I refer to the two notes already given in my narrative, which I received from Lady Flora Hastings within twenty-four hours after the very occasion on which I am said to have thus acted; and, consequently, at the very time when all her feelings may fairly be supposed to have been more excited by the alleged conduct than at any subsequent period; and, as still more direct evidence, I would further refer to Lady Flora's letter to her uncle, Mr. Hamilton Fitzgerald, dated March 8th, in which, although written for the express purpose of making her griefs known to a relative, with whom she had no motive for reserve, and therefore, in the very circumstances, calculated to elicit complaint, not a word escapes her blaming my conduct or language, during either of my interviews with her. On the contrary, expressions occur which she surely could not have used had she really then felt that I had acted towards her in an unfriendly manner.

That Lady Flora intended to misrepresent what actually occurred, I do not for a moment believe. Under the circumstances of excitement in which she was placed, it need not create surprise that she should unconsciously have allowed impressions, arising out of discussions which afterwards took place, to grow upon her mind, till she at length confounded them with facts, or that she should have greatly exaggerated what did actually take place. It is only in this way that I can account for some of the statements made by Lady Flora Hastings.

Her Lapyship's written account of the circumstances which took place during the interview on the 16th of February, at which we alone were present, differs widely from my recollection of them. I think it necessary to notice two points in particular. The first is, the alleged diminution of Lady Flora's size. On this I shall only observe, that I could discover no such diminution, else I should have been too happy to have availed myself of the circumstance to clear Lady Flora's character, and to have relieved myself from a very embarrassing position. The second is, that I told Lady Flora that she must submit to a "*medical examination.*" I not only never used such an expression, but never heard it employed for what it has been assumed to imply, till after the unfortunate matter was over; in fact, I then believed that a full external examination would prove sufficient to decide the matter. Every thing, consequently, which has been asserted, about a "medical examination" having been suggested by the ladies, or by me, is utterly groundless.

The only other part of Lord Hasting's correspondence which require notice from me are two charges brought forward by his Lordship. The first consists of a statement said to have been received from Lady Flora's own lips, that the examination "was conducted with more than ordinary disregard to delicacy, and to her feelings." In corroboration of this charge, his Lordship has referred to a deposition on oath, by Lady Flora's maid, "That the conduct of Sir James Clark and Lady Portman was unnecessarily abrupt, indelicate, and unfeeling!" I notice this charge, in passing, merely to give it a peremptory denial. The other charge is in the following words: "Some questions having been put to my sister, and answered, it was suggested that the inquiry ought not to proceed further, and that hey might now feel quite satisfied. Sir James Clark objected, and stated that the ladies of the court would not be satisfied without the strictest examination; and that if Lady Flora knew her own innocence, she could have no reason to oppose the most complete scrutiny." The simple reply to this is, that *no such suggestion was ever made, and no such objection ever urged.* Upon what authority Lord Hastings makes this statement he has nowhere mentioned, and I am utterly at a loss to conceive, unless indeed it be on that of the foreign maid to whose oath he before refers, and whose knowledge of English may not have been sufficient to enable her fully to understand what was passing. But I cannot avoid expressing my regret that his Lordship did not procure the testimony of the only witness present during the *whole* consultation—Sir Charles Clarke—before he made such grave charges. Had he followed this course, I venture to affirm they never would have been made. Sir Charles Clarke, although he might not have thought it proper to discuss with Lord Hastings the details of what passed at the consultation, could not have hesitated, had he been appealed to, to refute such groundless accusations.

It remains for me only to repeat my sincere regret that I was unable to relieve Lady Flora Hastings at once from every suspicion. No one has felt more acutely than myself, during the whole of this painful affair, the distress occasioned to Lady Flora and her family, whether arising from original circumstances or from the matter being afterwards forced into public notice.

Deeply painful as it has been to me to see my name so long associated with alledged acts and motives at which my very nature revolts, the consciousness of my own rectitude, the friendship of those who, from an intimate acquaintance, know me to be incapable of the conduct imputed to me, and a firm reliance on justice being ultimately done to all parties, have supported me under an accumulation of attacks such as few professional men can have been subjected to.

JAMES CLARK, M. D.

George Street, 7th October 1839.

EMILY; OR, THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

It would be a waste of time to endeavor to describe the personal charms of the amiable and accomplished girl who is destined to be the heroine of this brief story. Let the reader embody her attractions, and bring them to his view, by imagining her the very counterpart or *fac-simile* rather of his most esteemed favored. Having established this standard of beauty in his imagination, he has only to give her—to use a jeweller's phrase—a mind and accomplishments "to match," and he will have formed a tolerably fair estimate of the qualities and qualifications of Miss Emily Langley.

In this literary age, when every body writes, and so many bodies write well, it is exceedingly difficult to describe any ordinary scene or situation of real life, without rendering oneself obnoxious to the imputation of plagarism; yet it must so happen that in historical works, as well as in works of fiction, the absolute necessity of beginning at the beginning, must reduce the historian, as well as the novelist, to the coexistent necessity of giving his reader an account of his characters, real or imaginary, in the outset of his work, and hence the difficulty of performing this duty in any thing like a new or unhacknied manner.

To say—which please to recollect is the truth—that Emily Langley and her mother placed far above those cares of this world, which are incidental to poverty, or even a state of very moderate competence, lived in the neighborhood of a prosperous and well-populated country-town, in a "cottage of gentility," with no sorrows to afflict, no difficulties to excite them, in an exceedingly lady-like manner, is but to speak truth. Their residence would have afforded a popular auctioneer of high imaginative powers, ample matter for his eloquence; their carriages were well appointed; their house *bien montée;* and, as the most competent judges in the neighborhood decided, the wines were even better than those with which the cellars of widow ladies are usually stored.

These last words may lead to a discussion which would, perhaps, be here somewhat premature—they infer that Mrs. Langley *was* a widow. Now, strange as it my appear, intimate as were the terms upon which this amiable lady and her daughter lived with all the best families in the neighborhood, nobody—not even the apothecary of the village knew whether she were a widow or not. Her carriages were perfectly plain, her plate bore merely a cipher; but as she herself never volunteered any information on the subject, and as her neighbours were quite satisfied that every thing was right and proper—not only because Mrs. Langley was exceedingly agreeable, and was constantly giving particularly pleasant parties; but because, very soon after her arrival in the neighborhood, the Bishop of Bridgewater and his wife, and the four Miss Langshawes—their tall, pale, thin, and accomplished daughters, paid her a visit, and remained her guests for five days, nobody, upon the plea of either friendship or candor, or good nature, ventured to make any enquiries upon the subject.

The moment the Bishop of Bridgewater became her visiter, the rector of Busfield was too happy to make Mrs. Langley's intimate acquaintance. The curate was most attentive; and a few contributions to a fancy fair, held for the purpose of raising funds for repairing the church, rendered her and her daughter exceedingly popular with the quieter and more sober portion of the neighboring population.

Her daughter—there again—*was* Miss Langley her daughter? Emily was exceedingly fair, Mrs. Langley remarkably brown; one had blue eyes that seemed to melt in all the softness of Knellerism; the other black sharp orbs, that seemed to dart into one as she spoke.

"Garrick, sir," said some one to Wewitzer, the actor,—"Garrick's eye can pierce through a deal board."

"I presume, sir," said Wewitzer, "that is what is called a gimlet-eye."

Now, although Mrs. Langley's eyes were equally removed from the Garrick and the gimlet, there is no question but that her eyes were "piercers;" and when occasion served, she seemed any thing but a tyro in the management of them. It was in this feature, especially and peculiarly, she differed from her daughter; but in the drawing-room, over the fire-place, there hung the portrait of a gentleman, painted, as it should appear, some five-and-twenty years ago, in whose countenance the visiters at Beaulieu Lodge contrived to trace a resemblance to the daughter; for although, as I have already said, every body was perfectly satisfied of the propriety and respectability of the ladies, especially with a bishop as a guarantee, it was not in the nature of things that people could go and call, and dine, and sup, and dance at Beaulieu, without feeling a little anxiety to know something more about its inhabitants.

One day Miss Scoop, a maiden lady in blue silk, made a desperate dash as regarded the picture; for, having got Emily all to herself, standing before the fire-place, over which it was pendent, she all at once, and *apropos* to nothing, said,—

"Is that your 'pa's picture, Miss Langley?"

"Oh *dear* no!" said Emily, bursting into a fit of laughing, violent enough to induce Miss Scoop to fancy she had done something exceedingly ridiculous; so she just twisted her neck, and poked out her chin, and drew it back again, and said, "umph," in a tone meant to be expressive of pleasure and self-satisfaction Emily turned from her and walked away, and Miss Scoop's next little grunt was unequivocally indicative of her belief, that Miss Langley, after all, was an exceedingly ill-bred miss; besides, murmured the immaculate scarecrow, "if it isn't her 'pa, I should like to know who it really *is*."

The reader can hardly suppose it possible that, moving in society as Emily did, surrounded as she was by all the *agrémens* of life, fair and accomplished, too, she should, even if unwon, have, up to this period of her existence, remained unwooed. Oh! dear no. She counted several suitors in her train, several of whom were officers of the regiment quartered in the neighboring town; and one or two sons of county gentlemen, whose names, unknown to London fame, stood exceedingly high in their own district; but Emily seemed indifferent to all—gay, kind, and agreeable, she dispensed her smiles equally, sang the songs she was asked to sing, danced with all who asked her, without preference, favor, or affection, and, in short, was a general favorite—her own playfulness and ingenuousness of manner keeping all her followers at an almost equal distance.

In the midst, however, of this gaiety and good-humor it was not difficult to perceive that one person who visited at Beaulieu was preferred before all others; but *he* was not to be found or numbered amongst the gay bevy most in the habit of flirting and fluttering about the house. Mrs. Langley was aware of this preference—so was its object—and strange to say, as the conviction of its existence strengthened in his mind, the rarer became his visits to the lodge.

Emily, who had no disguise from her mother, and who saw no cause, and knew no reason why she should conceal her feelings of esteem for the person in question, spoke upon the subject to Mrs. Langley, and told her that she thought it exceedingly strange that Alfred Sherwood came so seldom to see them.

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, "'thy wish was father to that thought.' I have watched—I have seen you, when Alfred has been here—he knows I have—nay, Emily, I have spoken to him on the subject——"

"Spoken to him!" said Emily.

"Yes, dearest," said Mrs. Langley; "it was my duty—my most important duty. Of all men living—of all created beings—Alfred Sherwood is the last—the very last, on whom you should bestow a thought."

"What!" said Emily; "has he committed any crime? Has his conduct been dishonorable?"

"No," said Mrs. Langley, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"I thought not," said Emily; "I was sure he could have done nothing to disgrace or degrade himself. Besides, is he not the constant companion of those whose honor is as dear to them as life?"

"True, true," said her mother! "but there *are* secrets, Emily, in all families, Sherwood is aware of the reason which exist for your separation. Hence his lengthened absence."

"Did my father——"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Langley, laying her finger on her lip, as if to command the silence of the animated girl; "I have told you, dearest child, that you shall know all. Each hour as it flies brings you nearer to the discovery of the mystery which hangs over you. Every day I expect to receive the intelligence which will empower me to tell you everything, and as you know, dearest, the release will be to me a happy one."

"I care for no discovery," said Emily, "if it involves my eternal separation from Alfred Sherwood. Do not suppose, my dearest mother, that the affection I feel for him is that of a giddy girl, fallen, as the phrase is, in love with a young officer. No, indeed. My regard for him is founded on an esteem for his high qualities—the nobleness of his character—the variety of his accomplishments—the sweetness of his temper—I feel towards him as a sister."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley. "My child, no more of this. The day will soon come—all will be explained. Here, here are visitors. Come, come, let us go to meet them; but let me implore you, do not let us recur to this subject until *I* propose it. Rely upon me, it shall not be long first."

Emily felt, of course, bound to obey; but, as the promise that she should "know all" had frequently been made before—although not with reference to Alfred Sherwood—she did not give quite such implicit credit to the maternal assurance as to the brevity of the time to come as it might have been quite dutiful to do.

Swift says, "It is a miserable thing to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider." Poor Emily Longley was well qualified to judge of the aptness of the figure; for there is no denying that everything connected with her seemed involved in mystery. Even the portrait over the fire-place was to her a mystery; and when she burst into the wild, hysterical laugh which shocked Miss Scoop so much, it was rather by way of avoiding an explanation which she could not give, than snubbing an inquiry to which she was able to make any satisfactory reply.

That Mrs. Langley's words and manner—especially the latter——upon the occasion just noticed, sank deep into Emily's mind, there can be no doubt. In fact, interested as she was about Alfred, and everything connected with him, she resolved—mutinously, perhaps—to avail herself of the very first opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject of the hurried conversation which had taken place between her and her mother.

The casual visit of the neighbors, whom Mrs. Langley saw approaching them, occupied more of Emily's time than attention—her thoughts were not with them, and to appear interested in their conversation required a considerable effort; it seemed to her as if they never would go, and yet amongst them were two of her favorite female friends. So that it was clear that Alfred Sherwood was an object of greater importance to her than she would have believed half an hour before the mysterious warning of her mother had induced the apprehension of losing him.

In the evening of this day there was a public ball given, as the phrase goes, at so much per head, at the Town-hall, and where, of course, Emily was expected to be present—in fact, Mrs. Langley was one of the ladies patronesses and it would be impossible for her or her daughter to be absent—never before, this day had Emily staid to consider whether she should meet Alfred—never before did she feel apprehensive of encountering him;—that she liked him, esteemed him, enjoyed his society, and admired his accomplishments, she was conscious; but, until she was told there was danger in their association, she never properly estimated the sacrifice which the relinquishment of his company and conversation involved.

After the protracted visitation had actually ended, and the friends were gone. Emily and her mother were again left together alone. The poor anxious girl, who would have given the world to bring back the conversation to the only subject which now engrossed her thoughts, saw with pain, that of all topics, in the round of remark or observation upon which Mrs. Langley seemed ready to touch, that was clearly the very one which she not only wished, but was resolved most scrupulously to avoid; this studied evasion was not lost upon the daughter, who rather contented herself, under the circumstances, inasmuch as, although her undisguised avowal of a preference for the young gentleman had caused an exclamation on the part of mamma, and an abrupt implied prohibition against speaking *of* him again, nothing had transpired on the part of her anxious parent, which could be construed into a mandate not to speak *to* him, and knowing her mother's character and conduct too well to apprehend, for a moment, that she would run the risk of causing a "scene" in the ball-room, Emily satisfied herself with the resolution to treat Alfred as she had always treated him, and dance with him as usual, if, as usual, he should ask her.

All these resolutions, however judiciously framed, were nevertheless destined to be of no avail. The ladies went to the ball, and there were all the moons of the neighborhood—as the Persian Princes call our ladies, and all the dandies

rural and military; even the curate was there, but no Alfred Sherwood; in vain did Emily's eyes wander over the motley group; in vain did they glance towards the door of the room, which opening, or rather closing with a weight, fully announced the entrance of each new coming visitor in the most inharmonious manner Midnight came, but not the one she watched and wished for.

Every officer of the distinguished corps to whose safe keeping the respectable inhabitants of the town, in the hall of which they were assembled in peace and security, was present, and each in his turn solicited the honor of Emily's hand; but no—her head ached, besides, she had sprained her ankle in stepping out of the carriage—in fact, she could not dance.

This disinclination and refusal were not lost upon her mother, who endeavored to persuade, and then rally, her out of her laziness, or indifference, or ill-nature, but who with difficulty assumed the gaiety necessary to the performance of the part which she had assigned to herself; in fact, the hours seemed longer than hours ever were, until, at last, the supper was announced, which, with a considerable number of the company, was the most agreeable part of the evening's performance.

This occurrence would have been a charming opportunity for the escape of the ladies, but the carriage had not been ordered till the usual time, and poor Emily was forced to undergo the persecuting civilities of a Captain Lillycrop, who having failed in all his efforts to induce her to dance, endeavored to get her into good humor by loading her plate with the wing of an admantine chicken, and filling her glass with gooseberry wine, furnished to the guests as champagne. All, however, was vain; the captain's assiduities were all wasted; and the moment escape was possible the sorrowing, disappointed girl hurried away from what was a scene of gaiety to others, but which in her mind was associated with other days, or nights, too painfully to be endured even with indifference.

As Emily and her mother returned homewards, both ladies appeared particularly taciturn—a very brief observation on the dullness of the evening, the smallness of the party, and a sweeping censure upon all the accessories, such as lights, supper, and music, constituted the conversation. Mrs. Langley did not inquire why Emily had declined dancing, nor even whether the sprain of her ankle, of which the effects were not visible as she stepped into the carriage, was better; in fact, there was a gloom hanging over them—a sort of mistrustfulness. One thing alone was certain, neither the cause of Alfred Sherwood's absence from the ball, nor even his "once familiar name" was mentioned during their drive.

The mother and daughter separated for the night, not as they usually separated; hitherto, although Emily had been for several years aware that, at some period of her life, disclosures were to be made to her which would conduce to alter her position in society very considerably; still, as her mother's conduct was invariably kind and affectionate, and she had been given to understand that the change to be operated by the development of the secret with which she was mixed up, whatever it might be, would be advantageous to her in a worldly point of view, she never allowed herself to be agitated or irritated, or even anxious upon the point; but Mrs. Langley's mysterious exclamation, as alluding to Alfred, *did* prey upon her mind—what it could mean, or by what particular feeling it was excited, she could not imagine. But, after a long consultation with her pillow during a sleepless night, she resolved to terminate this new solicitude, and know the worst at once. Yes; the next noon should not pass away without an appeal to her fond, indulgent parent upon the subject.

Our poor heroine—if Emily Langley may venture to lay claim to such a character—tired out with thinking, and wondering, and wishing, and hoping, and fearing, and doubting, and imagining, at length fell asleep; nor did she awake until the clock had stricken eleven. Her faithful abigail had more than once ventured on tiptoe into the bed-room, but her young mistress heard her not, nor did the *soubrette* deem it prudent to disturb her after the fatigues of the preceding evening.

At length the well-known bell summoned Grindle to her lady's toilette, and Emily's first question was whether mamma was up, or had breakfasted; to which Grindle replied in the affirmative, and added to her answers a bit of information which not a little startled the young lady.

"Your 'ma *has* breakfasted," said Grindle, "and had a visitor to breakfast with her."

"A visitor?" said Emily.

"Yes, miss," said Grindle, "and such a visitor as never did I see in this house. He was here by half-past nine—brought a letter which 'must be,' as he said, 'delivered instantly to Mrs. Langley.' I took him for a watchman, and Elkins fancied he was a bear. He was wrapped up in a huge thick coat, with fur all over it *I* never saw such a man in *my* born days."

"And did he breakfast with mamma?" asked Emily.

"Yes, miss," said Grindle, "the moment she had read the letter she desired to have breakfast prepared directly. Up she got, dressed in no time, and in less than half an hour after the arrival of the visitor, there she was, walking up and down the terrace, talking to him like anything. Then, however, he had taken off his great-coat, and looked a great deal less like a bear than he did before."

"But," said Emily, "you had better bring me my breakfast here, Grindle. I do not want to intrude myself upon mamma's visitors. You can tell her, afterwards, that I *am* up, and have breakfasted in my room, so that if she desires my company I shall be ready to attend her, and if she do not, why I need not present myself."

"Very well, miss," said Grindle. "Who the stranger is, I, of course don't know, and cannot guess; but since he has been here, your 'ma has sent, off two messengers, in different directions. I tried all I could to find out where they were gone to, because I thought, miss, you would like to hear; but I could not succeed."

"Well," said Emily, "I can do exceedingly well without you; so go and get the breakfast, and I shall be ready to go down, if I am summoned."

Grindle lost no time in obeying these commands, and Emily was left to fancy who the stranger could be, and what his business. It was certainly not unnatural, as she was aware that her future destiny was clouded in mystery, that she should associate the new arrival with circumstances connected with herself.

While finishing her toilette, and thinking over everything that she had ever heard her mother say, in order to account for the arrival of this "rugged Russian bear," she passed near one of the windows of her dressing-room, and happening accidentally, almost mechanically, to look through it, beheld, to her utter astonishment, Alfred Sherwood himself, pacing backwards and forwards upon the lawn immediately beneath.

This sight startled her infinitely more than the news Grindle had imparted with regard to the stranger. What on earth could Alfred be doing? Surely he had not taken the desperate resolution of avowing an affection for her, which she scarcely doubted that he felt. No—that could not be. Why, if so, absent himself from the ball? She drew back, so as to remain unseen, but still commanding a view of the promenade which he had selected. She was not destined to observe him for any great length of time—he was almost immediately summoned into the house by one of the servants, and vanished from her sight.

"Why, Grindle," said Emily to her maid, as she entered the room with the breakfast, "Mr. Sherwood is here!"

"Yes, miss," said Grindle. "I found that out. *He* was sent for. One of the messengers went after *him*. Only think!"

Emily *did* think—a thousand thoughts filled her mind. It was impossible but that she must be somehow mixed up in this extraordinary movement.—Breakfast was out of the question, her whole anxiety was to have her readiness to make her appearance down-stairs, whenever desired, announced as soon as possible. She could not doubt but that a crisis was at hand.

To the message thus transmitted, mamma's answer was, that she would see her directly, if she would come down into the breakfast-parlour. She did not long pause before she obeyed the invitation.

When she entered the room she found Mrs. Langley alone, evidently laboring under considerable excitement. Emily ran to her and kissed her cheek as usual, and her kiss was returned warmly and affectionately.

"My love," said Mrs. Langley, "you must prepare for a journey immediately—at least for what would have been called a journey, even twenty years since, before those wonderful annihilators of time and space, railroads, were invented."

"A journey?" said Emily.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Langley, "you will require very little luggage, our stay where we are going will not exceed two days—give directions to Grindle, who will go with you, and then return to me; you will find me on the terrace."

Emily did as she was bidden; but she could not help wondering whither they were going at so short a notice, and at the absence of any observation on the part of her mother, as to the arrival of the stranger or the proximity of Sherwood. Having given her orders, she proceeded to the terrace, as she had been desired, where, seated on a bench under the verandah which opened upon it, she beheld her mother and an elderly man; gentleman she could scarcely call him, although the relative position to her parent which he occupied gave him a claim, if not a right, to the distinction.

As she approached, the stranger started up, and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "What a likeness, 'tis she herself!"

"This, my dear," said Mrs. Langley, presenting her daughter to the visiter, "is a very old friend of our family—Mr. Slangerman: he remembers you an infant."

Emily blushed and looked confused; the old gentleman took her hand and pressed it to his lips, respectfully but fervently—he, too, was evidently overcome by his feelings.

"I never saw any resemblance so strong," said he, after the lapse of a few minutes, "never!" and the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, seemingly anxious to remove her from a scene which she feared would be too exciting for her nerves, "go, dear, and hurry your maid; we must be punctual; I will come to you in a moment."

Emily obeyed; but, as she passsd along, her eyes in vain roved in search of Sherwood. Was *he* to be of the party? Who was she so like? Who was the old gentleman? Where were they going, and why?

To some of these questions she was destined very soon to obtain replies. She had scarcely reached her room before Mrs. Langley was beside her.

"Where in the name of wonder, mamma," said Emily, "are we going to?"

"Our present journey is to Liverpool," said Mrs. Langley; "our stay there will be short. Oh! Emily, my beloved Emily, the moment has arrived—I knew it must—I ought to have been prepared—but I know, I am sure, quite sure, I shall not be loved the less."

"Oh! mother, mother!" sobbed the agitated girl, terrified at the emotion of her affectionate companion. "What does this mean?"

"Emily," said Mrs. Langley, gazing steadily on her features and endeavoring to exert all her energies, "I am NOT your mother."

These words, uttered with firmness and solemnity, struck deep into poor Emily's heart.

"Not my mother?" said she, almost unconscious of the repetition.

"No," said Mrs. Langley; let me implore you, be firm, be calm—we shall never be separated—you will know all this afternoon; come to my heart, my dearest girl, and be henceforth the kind, affectionate, dutiful child I have ever found you."

"But tell me," said Emily.

"Nothing more *here*," replied Mrs. Langley. "He that must tell you all, is sick and ill at Liverpool, just landed from America, where for thirteen years he has lived a life of pain and sorrow. You are destined to be happy, let that content you—I can tell no more."

Emily stood like one bewildered—the necessity of action roused her from her amazement, and the hurrying and bustling of Grindle afforded her a sort of equivocal relief from the tumult of her brain.

Hurrying, as she was directed to do, she saw the carriages driven round which were to take them to the station whence they were to embark on the railroad; she hastily locked her writing-desk, and jewel-case, and having cast a hasty look rouud her room, hastened down the stairs, at the foot of which, she encountered Alfred Sherwood, looking as palé as death, and absolutely trembling with agitation.

She held out her hand to him—he took it, but in a manner so different from that which had before marked his feelings towards her, that she could not but enquire the cause of the alteration.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she.

Before Alfred could reply, Emily found herself gently withdrawn from the spot where she was standing, and on turning round, found the old stranger holding her by the arm, saying, in the mildest tone,

"The carriages, Miss Emily, are waiting."

The surprise which this "manual exercise" caused her, seemed likely to produce something like a remonstrance; but Mrs. Langley, who was close behind her, put an end to all further parley, by observing that "indeed they should be too late."

"Mr. Sherwood," said the venerable stranger, "you can go on the box."

Alfred bowed obedience to the suggestion, which sounded exceedingly like an order, and brought up the rear of the procession, which moved across the hall to the door, a spectacle of amazement to the servants, both those who were to be of the travelling party, and those who were not.

"Remember," said Mrs. Langley to the butler, as she stepped into the barouche, "we shall dine at seven precisely on Thursday, we shall be eight."

These were her parting injunctions; by her side in the barouche, sat Emily, opposite them the stranger, and although the fourth seat was vacant, Alfred mounted the box as he directed. The pony phæton followed with two maids and one footman, and the luggage, which as the party were in "light marching order," was not exceedingly cumbersome.

Away they went—there was not much conversation in the barouche—the stranger was not aware that Mrs. Langley had broken one part of the great secret to Emily, upon whom, his eyes continued riveted during the drive. Emily informed of one fact connected with herself—the most important and astonishing, without preparation, explanation, or qualification, could think of nothing else; except, indeed, the equally inexplicable appearance of Alfred, and the treatment which he seemed to endure.

Thus wrapped in meditation, the party reached the station: they were in excellent time, they debarked from the carriages, which were ordered to be there to receive them at six o'clock on the Thursday, and such is the admirable punctuality of the railroad arrangements, that within one minute or less of the appointed time the almost vital breath of the impetuous engine was heard snorting through the air, and in less than a quarter of an hour from their arrival at the station, the whole of the party, agitated as they were by a thousand contending feelings, were flying through the air at the rate of 23 miles an hour.

During this rapid progress, Mrs. Langley resolutely refused to enter into any conversation on the subject of their journey, well assured that it would be productive of the worst effects upon Emily, in a place, and under circumstances, where she would be without the means of soothing or reviving her. The stranger still gazed on the beautiful girl, and Alfred, who was seated next Mrs. Langley, appeared in some degree to have recovered his spirits, although his eyes remained downcast and his brow contracted.

The speed at which they proceeded seemed to excite in the stranger an anxiety to address the fair girl who evidently absorbed all his attention; and at length after an apparent struggle with his feelings, he laid his hand upon hers, and in a subdued tone of voice said,

"Dearest, best-beloved of human beings, a few short hours will restore you to him, who—"

At this moment, a noise louder than the crashing of thunder, burst over their devoted heads—a shout of horror, the screams of agony and fear filled the air, and in an instant a concussion, irresistibly violent, shivered the carriage in which the anxious travellers were seated, into atoms, and whirled the passengers down the precipitous embankment on which they were travelling, into the depths of the valley below. Fourteen of the vehicles shared a similar fate, and the green sward was covered with the mutilated bodies and scattered limbs of the unfortunate victims—nor was this the extent of the mischief. He to whom the unhappy creatures were hurrying to relieve his mind, too anxious to reap the harvest of happiness which was ripe and ready for his hand, and finding himself better in health, had quitted Liverpool in the hopes of anticipating their departure from Beaulieu. By some unaccountable circumstance, connected with the switches, or the rails, or the sleepers, or something else, the up train had come in contact with the train travelling downwards—each set of carriages suffered nearly in an equal degree, and by this "*unexpected meeting*," the reader, in common with the inhabitants of the village in which Beaulieu stands, and of the town which it overlooks, and the rest of the world universally, are left in total ignorance of the history of Mrs. Langley, and of all the circumstances connected with it.

This is to be deeply lamented—but still as far as the accident itself goes there is every reason for consolation—no "blame whatever could be attached to any person connected with the railroad;" and moreover, the mutilated remains of the respective ladies and gentlemen who suffered were carefully collected, and interred the following day in the catacombs of one of the popular joint-stock company cemeteries, which "commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and to and from which, there are omnibusses going and returning every half-hour in the day—fare sixpence, inside."

LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

To the Editors of the Baltimore Clipper.

BEAR CREEK, Illinois, Sept. 1, 1839.

Feelin about these times sorter sewed up with the *blues*, I've come to putty much of a judgematical conclusion to give you a rale sentimental idee about matters and things out in these diggins, and if I du happenter spraul out inter sorter *farce* afore I'm done, you need'nt think wonderfuly strange on't; cause my *dander is riz*, and when steem is up, and safety valves off, the least leetle motion sets me a bilin rit over, and taint the natur of this child to pulverize the matter, caus if I undertook to *soft-soap* it over with *boblogick*, you'd calcurlate I was in for long yarns; and I guess you've always got enuf of them down east to du you. Now when these New Ingland fellers git out here, the fust thing they du is to kinder squott down into a log cabin, and the kind of plunder they hev here, puts me in mind of Doctur Franklin's oration about New Ingland white-washins, only taint quite so extensive. Their bake kettle sarves for all sorts of bakin, roastin and stewin contrivances, and their milkin stules du putty generally for cheers.—When they are short on't for cradles, a feedin trof is jest the caper and the kind of goards they raise here, make sich porringers for the children to mummel poan out on, as hai'nt ben beat for some time. A poker sarves for a shovel and tongs, and is a curer for squallin children. Men, women and children, eat drink and snooze in one crib; and if an old croney pays a visit, he gets toated up a ladder on to a scantlin floor, whats' allowed for transcient customers. The kind of eatin they hev here, I'll ventur won't, give a man the dispepsia; flour duins and chicken fixens for breakfast, corn duins and pork fixens for dinner, and common duins and capital fixens for supper.—Wall now, the way they git along in these diggins I guess ain't to be sneezed at. They are always a contrivin and connermizen, and never come out at the leetle eend of the horn, and then comes the emmergranters to squott on the land and them what's bought fust are the best fellers. For when they get land for a doller and a quotter an acur, and them are same fellers are peddlin on't out for eighty dollers a foot, its gongin, and arter all they'll scratch to see who'll git the most on't; and keep kinder transmogrifien on't over, and swoppin and peddlin round, so't the way some on 'em feather their nests, is putty considerable, and then yon'l see 'em beginter build log houses, accordin to the newest and most fashionablest fixens, and when they hev got one or tu thousand acurs of that are prarie, you'l se 'em beginter raize hogs and critters, and eat so much pork fixens, that they'l scratch theirselves almost to death with the Illinois itch. Then to put on the prink, they'll down with the cow cribbs and hen roosts and chicken coops, and lay out towns and cities, and plant multicaulus nurseries, and build steem mills and wind mills, and sett the steemboats a toating up and down the Massissipi to sich a tarnal rate, that rhey'll leave blue streaks behind um a sabdaday's journey, and finally they'll git to merchandizen and speculatin and inventin, and the fust thing you'l see, they'll come rite out of the kinks jist like unravlin stockins. Now, I guees you think I'm jokin, but if you du, you are as jist as much mistaken, as if you'd scorch't your shirt flaps, caus I'll tell you jist now tis, you see the land is so amazin rich, and so fartile that enny thing that's planted shutes rite up. If a feller drops enny thing and looses it, it sproutes rite out. You'd orter jist see um raise *sucker punkins*—sich unaccountable quantities—some on um so mortal big, that they jist lamb a door on one side on um, and sorter walk an ox rite in and crib him up, and when they take him out, he's a *caution for a managerie*. You'd look sorter wample cropt, if I should tell you the vines run with sich a *parfect looseness*, that takes one feller the *hull indurin time* jist to stand with an axe and grub em off to keep um from runnin acrost the Massissipi; and then theres the *cat fish gentry*, what grows in the Massissipi; so nation big that them are steemboat fellers sorter tackle 'em on to toat 'em off the sand bars, and they come it with sich a pertness, that steem power aint a circumstance.—But I wanter say one word about these New Ingland fellers, that are counted sich mortal crittters when they are to hum. They hev lately contrived out a notion what's puzzled these supernatural gentry so much; and that's *perpetewal motion*. They've jist get one a goin, and it goes so like a raven distracted rooster, that it tares every thing all to smash. They've ben trien a git a moddle out to send to Washington, but they cant stop it long enuf to see how its put together. Its ben a goin now for tew weeks come a Friday, the hull indurin time; and it goes faster and faster, so't theres no noin when the crazy thing will ever stop. Its as much as they cand du to keep it from runnin away; and I guess when it does go, it will kick up sich duins as won't be any body's business no how. One thing I likter forget. This country is so amazin fartile, that enymost enny thing grows in unaccountable quontities, and arter all, theres a scarcity (to be grammatical) in whats termed the feminine gender, and what few there is here, keep a dyin off at sich a distracted rate, that nearly all the married gentry are gittin to be widderers, and if there ain't somethin did to put a stop to it, house-keepin will all go to smash, and we shall be undid forever. We've tried Brandreth's Pills and Houck's Panacea, and theres *steem doctors* enuf here, to row me up salt river, and arter all's said and did, taint no account at all, and I'am putty considerably discouraged. If you come out here, fetch along all the gals you can muster. Old maids will du, or grass widerers either. Any thing to help population.

JOHNATHAN.

Pete Gumbo and Sam Johnsing on the Suspension.—"Yaw, yaw, Pete," said Sam Johnsing to his chum yesterday, "wha, look here!—yaw, yaw! wat for you hab dat dere bag hang roun your neck, like wat little massa Willum tote he books in when he gwine to school?—yaw!"

"Oh, oh, Sam! dis child found out someting!—white folks monsus unsartin, de banks worser! What's I got in dis here bag, eh? yaw, yaw! 'Fore God, I hab ebery cent ob twenty-nine dollar and three picayune in dis little bag, an all in de clar grit—de raal specier! Sam, as de sayin is, I 'totes my own.'"

"Wat for could'nt you leab it wid your massa, like me, or hab it lock up in your trunk? S'pose you wants folks to see you got specier."

"I could'nt do dat, Sam, no how, cause as how you see I warnted to subspend specier payments like de great regumlator in Fillydelfy. Nigga, aint you heard ob dat yet?"

"Bless God, Pete, I aint. Wat is dat you calls him? You always finds out de pollyticks; but wat is dat, Pete, anyhow!"

"Well, I does'nt zackly know, Sam; dat is, I can't comprumhend, myself; but dey tells me it's a great *rhino*-cerous, or some other big monster, wat's mighty fond ob carrying oder people's specier. But it don't get dis nigga's, I tells you."

"By golly, den I thinks, Pete, you hab acted parfactly right. I'm bressed if I don't follow de sute. I gwine now rite strate to ax massa Charla for my specier—yaw, yaw."

We look upon this measure of Sam and Pete as a formal resolution to suspend. Picayune.

Gratitude.—A few years after the present Cork Theatre was opened, the most singular exhibition took place on its stage perhaps to be found in theatrical records. One of the performers, named Clover, had attended in the morning the execution of Patrick Redmond, a man who was sentenced to be hanged for robbery. After hanging a short time, the body was cut down and delivered to his friends, when Glover, having some knowledge of surgery, and believing the vital spark not to be extinct, recommended the usual methods for recalling animation, which were applied, and, proving effectual, Redmond speedily recovered. That very evening, inspired by gratitude as well as whiskey, he went to the playhouse; and, on Glover's appearance, jumped upon the stage, and returned thanks to his preserver, to the no small terror and astonishment.

Why is a temperance society like a saw mill? D'ye give it up? Because it goes by water power.

BROOKLYN FRIENDLY MATCH.

On Monday last an amicable match of cricket was played on the Club Ground of the society, in Smith street, Brooklyn, south of the Railroad, by gentlemen of New York, Brooklyn, and Albany. The morning looked louring, and threatening for rain, which, however, did not fall, so that the day was one of the very best that could be wished for, for the purpose. The parties did not take ground for play until half past eleven o'clock, thus losing two hours of the finest part of the day. We may here take occasion to animadvert to a besetting fault of Cricketers, which has become customary in despite of all the ill consequences that attend it The advertisements and the avowed intentions on such occasions intimate that the wickets shall be pitched at 9 or 9 1-2 in the morning *punctually*. Yet there is such a world of trifling about preliminaries that the forenoon is always greatly wasted before the play begins; and the two innings, which are customary arrangements in match playing, are seldom played out, so that decisions have to be made upon one inning only, which is not a fair criterion of play, or else the parties have to meet on a future day to complete their match. Now this might be easily obviated by adhering rigidly to the resolution of commencing play precisely at the time specified. We know that this fault is, and always has been, as usual in the old country as here, but neither the extent nor the antiquity of an abuse can render it a good quality, and we should like to see our Cricketers here "reform it altogether;"—it would be better *in every way*. It will be seen by the score that many of the same players were here that had played at the New York Club on the Anniversary, to these were added players from Brooklyn and Albany, all of whom did ample credit to the craft, and the match was warmly and severely contested; yet, as in the case of the former match with the utmost good will, frankness, and kindness. The whole number of notches run through the day was only 229, a certain proof of the careful, steady, and skilful play of the parties. On this as on the other occasion, the double innings could not be played out; we hope this will be looked to. We should do great injustice to the Albany gentlemen who assisted at this match, if we omitted to express our admiration of their steady and scientific manner of playing. It was greatly approved and admired both by the players and the spectators. Neither must we omit to remark on the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Wild of Brooklyn, who liberally dispensed the "creature-comforts" of the best, and in large proportion, to the parties interested in the manly contest. Mr. Wild is not only a sincere amateur but a skilful cricketer, but on this occasion his pride seemed to be to play the kind host; and, in the absence of the sun, his smiles of satisfaction as he dispensed his bounties seemed to shed a sufficient radiance on the passing scene.

The score was as follows:

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Mr. Nash, caught by Pellett	11	not out	2
Mr. Cordray, bowled by Groom	6	bowled by Russell	17
Mr. Syme, bowled by Groom	15	not out	4
Mr. Wild, caught by Adams	2	caught by Gill	3
Mr. Fisher, caught by Groom	2	bowled by Bristow	8
Mr. Sneath, run out	5	caught by Gill	2
Mr. Parker, bowled by Gill	3	bowled by Pellett	0
Mr. Schofield, run out	8	bowled by Russell	3
Mr. Dent, bowled by Gill	4	bowled by Gill	3
Mr. Weightman, not out	0	bowled by Pellett	0
Mr. Small, bowled by Groom	5	bowled by Groom	7
Byes	11	Byes	5
Total	—63	Total	—56

First Innings.	
Mr. Groom, bowled by Weightman	6
Mr. Adams, bowled by Wild	16
Mr. Bristow, bowled by Wild	0
Mr. Baxter, bowled by Wild	13
Mr. Russell run out	9
Mr. Gill, caught by Dent	17
Mr. Taylor, bowled by Weightman	11
Mr. Skipton, bowled by Small	4
Mr. Pelle,t, not out	9
Mr. Gilbert, bowled by Wild	8
Mr. Huthinson, stumped by Wild	2
Byes	17
Total	—112

OTHELLO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILLIAM HAUFF.

The theatre was crowded; a singer who had been recently engaged, was to play Don Juan. The pit heaved like a restless sea, and over the dark mass were seen sparkling the brilliant plumes and head-dresses of the ladies. The boxes had never exhibited so splendid a display, there having been at the commencement of the season a general mourning, which had been succeeded by the dazzling colors of rich turbans, waving plumes, and variegated shawls. The diadem of that brilliant circle, however, was an elegant and lovely girl who, with kindness and affability in every look, now graced the royal box. One regretted that her lineage was so lofty, for that fresh bloom—that bright serene brow—that inviting mouth—those pure mild eyes, were all formed for love, and not for cold respect. Her whole mien was in perfect keeping with her simple natural beauty. She seemed to have resigned all artificial ornament to the haughty circle that surrounded her.

"What sprightliness and beauty!" said a stranger to the Russian ambassador, who stood near him, and was looking at her through an opera-glass; "and yet can all this be but a mask—can she feel, feel bitterly—can she possibly," continued he, while he addressed the lady of the ambassador, "can she at this moment be suffering under ill-starred love!"

"Believe me, what I told you is true. She loves, loves passionately, one beneath her own high station. Why do you wonder that a princess, reared from her youth to have a strict regard to appearances, should be artful enough to conceal so improper a *penchant* from the eyes of the world? Her favorite is now not far distant from her."

The overture was drawing to a close; the notes pealed louder and louder from the orchestra; and the eyes of the spectators were directed with intense interest towards the curtain, to catch the first glimpse of the new Don Juan. The stranger, however, in the box of the Russian envoy, had no ear for the music of Mozart, no eye for the splendor of the scene. He saw only the lovely girl, who was now more interesting to him than ever, since he had been informed that her bosom was not altogether a stranger to secret love. The eyes of Sophia roamed through the whole extent of the crowded theatre. "What, if she is looking out for her beloved," thought the stranger; "what, if her eyes thus glance along the benches to greet him with a stolen smile, a gentle inclination of the head, any one of the thousand tokens with which secret love knows so well how to bless and bewitch a favorite object!" Suddenly a slight blush passed over Sophia's features, she moved her chair a little towards one side, and more than once threw a rapid glance at the door of the box. It was thrown open; a tall handsome young man entered, and took his station by the side of the mother of the princess. Sophia looked with well-feigned indifference at him through her glass; but the stranger shrewdly read in her eyes language which revealed that the person who had then entered the box was the happy man. He could not see his face, but the figure and air of the young man were not, he thought, unknown to him. The princess was drawn into conversation by her mother; the young man turned round, and the exclamation, "My God! Count Zroniensky!" burst involuntarily from the stranger. The ambassador started with alarm, whilst his irritated lady seized her guest by his hands, and as she pulled him down upon his seat, whispered into his ear—"For heaven's sake don't affront us—every one stares at us." The stranger kept his eyes intently fixed on the royal box. He saw the Count engaged in conversation with the princess and the other ladies. Ever and anon he stole glances at Sophia, which she eagerly met and returned. The curtain rose, and the Count retired from the box. The stranger whispered to the ambassador that he had served with the Count in the Polish Lancers, and that he knew him to be a brave soldier and a distinguished officer. The ambassador was silent; indeed, neither party seemed inclined to prolong the conversation. The ambassador proposed conducting the foreigner to the royal box, for the purpose of introducing him to the royal party. In passing along the corridor, the latter felt his blood move more rapidly at the thought of being in the immediate presence of one whose love-story was so interesting to him. He was received most graciously by the duchess, who presented him to the princess Sophia. The name of "Larun," which she now heard, was familiar to her ears. She recollected that she had heard of his having served in the French army. She kept her eyes steadily fixed on the Major, who at once understood her meaning, and that she must have received her information from the Count.

"Pray be umpire betwixt my daughter and myself," said the duchess; "you are a stranger, and therefore must be impartial. Say, then, may there not be some secret power in nature, which requires but to be called forth in wantonness of spirit to prove fatal? Listen to the facts. There is a very beautiful opera, 'Othello,' which I once saw performed abroad, but here we cannot have it represented, on account of an absurd story, which nobody now-a-days thinks of believing."

"Don't talk in that way," said the princess; "I know the facts, and I shudder when I think of them."

"Othello," continued her mother, "was for the first time performed about fifteen years ago. There was a tradition—nobody knows its origin—that, on 'Othello' being performed, some terrible event would take place. The play had not for a long time been represented, and nothing occurred. Ultimately, however, it was again brought upon the stage, and again it was followed by a shocking catastrophe. Then the drama was cast as an opera; but the Moor was deaf to the charms of music. The opera was performed, and with the same dreadful result."

"I can give you," said the major ironically, "an instance of a similar kind from my own personal history. I had an old maiden aunt, and a very disagreeable, mysterious sort of personage she was. In childhood we called her our 'plume aunt,' because she wore a large black feather in her bonnet. Well, there was a tradition in the family about the lady, precisely as there is in your own about 'Othello,' that whenever our 'plume aunt' made her appearance, one or other of us should fall sick. To be sure, we laughed and joked—*but still the sickness came.*"

The princess smiled. "I must," said she, to the manifest dissatisfaction of her mother—"I must once more hear Desdemona's dying notes, although I myself should be the sacrifice."

The introduction to the second act was now begun. The stranger quitted the box. He looked round for the ambassador, but he was gone. He was standing in the passage, uncertain which way to turn, when he feltt some one grasp him warmly by the hand. He looked round, and recognised the count. A shade of deep melancholy clouded his handsome countenance, there was a wild and shifting glance in his eyes, and his lips were compressed as if in agony. His frank and winning smile had been exchanged for a sullen discontented expression of countenance. The most striking feature was one of dark suspicion; and the faint streaks of red that still colored his cheeks were but the faded tints of the bloom of youth. But in spite of these ravages of time and misfortune, there was quite enough of attraction left to justify the partiality of the princess.

"Why gaze so closely?" said he, after a pause; "do you expect to trace the events of old times in the lines of my countenance? 'Tis all in vain. I have changed with the color of my life. My heart—why, I only know that I have a heart from this dreadful throbbing."

"Nay," continued his friend, in a jocular tone, "what connexion is there between this throbbing and the charms of a certain lady, the favorite daughter of the house of ——?"

The count instantly changed color. He pressed the hand of his old friend closely in his own. "Hush!" he whispered, "silence for heaven's sake—not a syllable on that subject—let us step aside. Is the *liaison* suspected, major?" The major repeated the hints that had been thrown out at the opera by the wife of the ambassador.

The count stood motionless and mute for some minutes. He was obviously laboring under a violent internal struggle. By an effort he recovered his self-command. He begged the loan of a hundred napoleons. His request was instantly gratified. It was not till the following morning that the count communicated to his friend the promise which he had made to the princess, to use all his influence to have "Othello" once more performed. More funds were necessary for that purpose, which were cheerfully advanced by the major, who agreed to accompany the count to the manager of the opera. "His abode," continued the count, "is not far distant—round the corner there stands his dwelling—that little green-colored house with the balcony in front."

The manager of the opera was a short-haggard-looking man, who, having acquired reputation in his earlier years as a singer, was now, in his old age, reposing on his laurels. He received the two friends with a peculiar professional hauteur and dignity, the effect of which, however, was not a little destroyed by the singularity of his dress. He wore a black Florentine cap, which he never laid aside, except on the occasion of his arranging his peruke at a glass, before walking out. There were strikingly contrasted with this convenient attire of the old man an ample modern frock fitted tightly to his body, and breeches that hung about his limbs in a series of folds. Everything about the manager showed that, in spite of the threescore years which he had seen, he was not altogether dead to the vanities of the world. He wore large fur shoes. He glided round the room without having the appearance of moving his legs. He seemed to move as it were on skates.

"I have already been informed of the wishes of the royal family," said the manager, after the count had explained to him the object of his visit. "My only object, I assure you, is to afford entertainment and delight to the royal family; but I must beg to be allowed to substitute some other piece for that which has been suggested."

"Why not Othello?" said the count.

"God forbid!" interrupted the old man; "that would be an open attempt upon the life of one of the royal family. No; so long as I have anything to say in the matter, that fatal play shall never be performed."

"And are *you*, then," continued the count, "the slave of such vulgar superstitions? Why, your celebrity has reached my ears in foreign lands. Pray destroy not the image I had formed of you by such a foolish conceit."

The old man was flattered. A complacent smile played upon his wrinkled features. He squeezed his hands into his pockets, assumed a consequential air, and glided several times up and down the room in his fur slippers.

"Superstition! said you? I should be ashamed to be the sport of any superstitious dreams; but where we have *facts*, superstition is not the proper word."

"Facts!" exclaimed the two friends in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, *facts*. You cannot have been long in this town or neighborhood, if you know not that matters are exactly as I have stated them to be."

"Why, I have somewhere or other," said the major, "heard of such a tale as that to which you allude—that whenever 'Othello' is performed, there is a conflagration."

"Conflagration! God forgive me, I should rather have one incessant blaze. Fire may be extinguished—insurances can be effected—but *death*—that is a much more perilous affair."

"Death! say you? who is to die!"

"That, alas! is no secret," replied the manager; "whenever 'Othello' is performed—*eight days thereafter one of the royal family dies.*"

The friends started in horror to their feet, so appalling was the prophetic, judgment-like tone in which the old man pronounced these words. However, they instantly resumed their seats.

"You will perhaps allow me," continued the manager, "to show you the chronicle of the theatre, which has been written by the successive prompters during the last hundred and twenty years."

"By all means, old man," said the count, who seemed inclined to turn the whole affair into ridicule: "let us have a look at the chronicle."

The manager glided very rapidly into his own chamber, and immediately produced a large folio volume, bound in leather and brass. He put on a massy pair of spectacles, and turned over the leaves of the chronicle.

"Now mark what follows," said he. "Here it is written—'Anno 1740, Dec. 8th; the actress, Charlotte Faudauerin, was smothered in this theatre. The play of the evening was the tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, by Shakspeare.'"

"How so?" interrupted the major, "how is it possible that Shakspeare's 'Othello' could have been performed here in 1740? Thröder was the first, if I mistake not, and at a much later period, to introduce that play of Shakspeare into Germany."

"I beg your pardon," replied the old man; "the duke, during his travels in England, saw 'Othello' performed in London, and being struck with its beauties, he subsequently had it translated, and brought out here. But my chronicle proceeds thus:—'The above mentioned Charlotte Faudauerin has performed the character of Desdemona, and has been barbarously suffocated by means of the coverlet, with which she was to have been killed in the play. God have mercy on her poor soul!' The story of her murder runs thus:

"Charlotte was very beautiful. Duke Nepomuth, who cherished a passion for her, was then at the head of a licentious court. She was shocked by the fate of others, whom he had, after a few years, forsaken and left to pine away as miserable outcasts, and therefore for some time repelled his advances. At last, however, having made the Duke sign a certain contract, she yielded. The fate of Charlotte was precisely that of his other victims. He gradually became estranged from her. She held out a threat of making public the contract into which he had entered. The fury of the Duke knew no bounds. He had in vain attempted to cut her off by poison; at last he bribed a tragedian to have the play of 'Othello' performed. He recollected that Desdemona is suffocated by the Moor. The actor's performance proved too true to nature—Charlotte never woke. The duke interfered to prevent inquiry; he took the actor into his service. Eight days afterwards, however, his only son, a prince twelve years of age, died.'

Here the old man turned over a few leaves of his book.

"The next entry is, '28th September, 1742, Othello, the Moor of Venice;' and on the margin we find this note—'Extraordinary! the Princess Augusta expired on the 5th of October, exactly eight days after the performance of Othello. So died Prince Frederick, two years ago.'"

"Chance," exclaimed the major. "'tis all chance."

The old man read on. "The 6th of February, 1748, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' Horrible! Prince Albert died suddenly on the 15th." Again—'16th of January, 1775, for the benefit of Madle. Koller, 'Othello, the Moor of Venice;' the doom once more. Alas! that the good Princess Elizabeth should have died so early. 24th of January, 1775.' Coming down to more recent times, we find that 'Othello' was privately performed at the country palace an the 16th of October, 1793; and on the 24th of the same month the Duke died. I can give you a more recent instance still. I myself performed the character of 'Othello,' in Rossini's opera. The theatre was crowded to the ceiling. The count was present. But a spirit of evil omen seemed to be breathed over us, when Desdemona began to chant her simple air. It was the same house—the same stage—the same scenes that had stood there when Charlotte's life had been brought to a close. I felt a tremor steal over me during the murder scene. With strange emotions I beheld the beauteous, happy beings in the royal box. For six days nothing was heard of sickness at the palace; the seventh day passed over peacefully; on the *eighth*, however, Prince Ferdinand was killed in the chase. Here is the passage in the chronicle. The count read—"Othello, an opera, by Rossini, 12th of March." And on the margin these words appeared, three times underlined—"On the 20th Prince Ferdinand was killed whilst hunting."

The parties looked at each other in silence; they would have laughed, but the grave aspect of the old man, and the striking coincidence of these terrible events, produced a deeper impression than they were willing to acknowledge. The count, however, insisted that the opera should be performed—that the command of the court must be obeyed. The old man crossed himself, and fairly wheeled round upon his slippers, as he muttered, "Good God! what if the lovely Princess Sophia were to be the next victim!" The two friends descended the stairs, laughing heartily at the prophet of the opera, with the Florentine cap and fur slippers.

There were hours in which the major found the count gloomy, absent, peevish, and impetuous in his replies. It was on such occasions that he burst forth into paroxysms of fury. He raged—he cursed in every European tongue—he wept. Having once described the progress of his passion to his friend, he exclaimed—"I must forget—I shall go mad if I do not forget. Wine here, comrade! my soul is parched—flames are raging within me—let me drown all remembrance of my guilt."

"Hush!" interrupted the major, "some one knocks. Come in."

The old manager glided into the apartment. "Othello must be performed," said he; "my remonstrances have proved in vain; and yet last night I beheld in a dream a long funeral procession, each man bearing a torch, as is the custom at the burial of one of the royal family. But the object of my visit is to invite you to the rehearsal."

The count and the major, not unwilling to escape, for a time, from themselves and from each other, cheerfully agreed to the proposal of the manager.

Everything was finally arranged for the performance of "Othello." Sophia was delighted at the prospect of once more hearing Desdemona's song. "When I die," said she, "it will be my sweet dirge." The major remembered the story of the spectre Desdemona—the forebodings of the old manager—his dream of the funeral procession—and Sophia's death-song. "What"—such was the idea that flashed across his mind—"what if the doom be again realised, and *she* should be the victim!"

Sunday arrived. The major and count rode out. On their return home it rained. The count invited the major to accompany him to his lodgings, that he might have a change of dress. The major, wearing a hat, and wrapped up in a great-coat of his friend, stepped out of his lodgings to go home. He passed along several streets, when he observed a stranger following him close behind. He was a tall thin man, with a threadbare coat. He put a note into the major's hand, and instantly disappeared. It was embossed paper, richly folded, and the wax bore the impress of a beautiful cut seal. He opened the note on the street—his attention was at once fixed—he read on, and turned pale—he stuffed the letter into his pocket, hurried home, and retired to his own room. He called for a light, and there stood the accursed words, unequivocal and fatal.

"Miscreant! darest thou to leave thy wife and helpless infants to pine in misery, whilest thou paradest thyself in pomp and magnificence before the eyes of the world? Why art thou in this town? Wouldst thou carry infamy into the royal circle? Begone! By the time you have read this, the Princess Sophia knows the baseness of thy conduct."

The Major saw at once that he had been mistaken for the count. A tornado of passion was awakened in his soul. There were moments when he felt his hands upon his pistol to shoot the villain upon the spot. The hour arrived when the opera was to be begun. The major was pondering how he could most prudently put the princess on her guard, when the huntsman of the count was at the door. He was ordered in. He delivered a letter to the major, who impatiently tore it open and read—"Farewell for ever. The letter which, as I have been informed, fell into your hands a few hours ago, must plead my excuse. Spare me. I pray you, the innocent pain of seeing my name blazoned in the newspapers." The huntsman said that his master had no intention of departing that afternoon: he had talked of being at the theatre in the evening. "About five o'clock," continued the huntsman, "my master went out. Close by the Reformed church he was addressed (for I followed him) by a tall haggard-looking man. He asked my master if his name was Count Zroniensky; on being answered in the affirmative, the stranger inquired if he had received a letter about a quarter of an hour before. The count said that he had not. The stranger then took him aside, and whispered into his ear. The count turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. He returned instantly to his lodgings, had some luggage packed, sent for post-horses, and drove rapidly down the street towards the Jonathan Gate."

The major went to the theatre. The overture had commenced. He took a seat from which he had a full view of the royal box. The Princess Sophia, attired in all the charms of loveliness and grace, was seated by the side of her mother. The play being the celebrated "Othello," boxes and pit were crowded. Sophia raised an opera glass to her eye, and looked anxiously round the audience. She dropped the glass: a cloud of disappointed hope and melancholy lurked beneath her auburn ringlets; her beautiful arched eyebrows were contracted, and revealed a slight, a scarcely perceptible wrinkle of displeasure.

The major often confessed afterwards that one of the most horrible moments in his life was that in which he stepped into the royal box at the end of the first act, and heard the princess whisper, "One of our allies has unkindly proved a truant."

"The count regrets that he has been unexpectedly called away."

"Called away!" echoed Sophia, as every spark of red fled from her cheeks. "Come, come, 'tis a joke upon me. Now I know from whom a certain little note came." An awful presentiment arose in the mind of the major. "A very pretty little note," she continued, "playfully showing the edge of a letter which was placed with great care beneath the bracelet that encircled one of her lovely arms—"a right mysterious note, and you are in the conspiracy. I long to retire to my own room, that I may open it."

"Pray give me that note," said the major, racked with the most excruciating agony; "it was not intended for your highness—it must have fallen into your hands by mistake."

"So much the better, replied Sophia playfully; it may be a clue to the secrets of some folks; it was clearly intended for a lady, and it was, of course, but fair that it should fall into my hands."

The major returned to his own box, and covered his eyes with his hands, that he might not see the unhappy girl. Once, however, he looked towards the royal box, and felt the certainty of the approaching doom. The diamonds on the clasp of her bracelet were glittering in a thousand brilliant rays, which entered his soul like so many arrows. Desdemona struck her harp—she raised her voice—she warbled forth her dirge. With what wondrous power did these plaintive notes strike every heart—so simple is the song—and yet how fraught with the highest tragic power! A strange power creeps over one; the murderer is, as it were, heard stealing in the distance; one is conscious that the inevitable power of destiny is drawing nearer and nearer—it is rustling around her, like the pinions of death. She has no misgivings. Gentle and innocent the sweet girl sits by her harp. Sorrow swells her bosom, and its accents tremble upon her lips—accents bursting from a full and lovewarm breast, for which the dagger is already drawn. He comes, not to embrace her, but for her murder. Desdemona prays for him—blesses him—and in return receives a curse.

Othello stepped upon the stage. The attention of Sophia, who had been weeping over her favourite ditty, was now more intensely than ever fixed upon the opera. She glanced at her bracelet, and played with the clasp of it. A pensive smile chased away her melancholy. The major had his eyes fixed upon her. Good God! She draws forth the fatal note, and conceals it in her dress. He sees her secretly breaking the seal—in desperation he rushes along the passage—is hurried on, he knows not why, by some invisible power, to the royal box—a tumult is heard throughout the theatre—the royal house hold are bustling backwards and forwards in all directions—a murmer is heard—"the Princess Sophia has suddenly fallen into a swoon."

A few days subsequent to this event, Major Larun was sitting in his chamber in a state of deep melancholy. His forehead rested upon his hands, his countenance was wan, his eyes half closed; tears trickled silently down his cheeks. He saw all the fine threads of impending doom—invisible to any eyes but his own—that were now doubled and interwoven with each other, to be thrown over one gentle ill-starred heart. Ineffable regret was mingled with these mournful reminiscences, when he thought of the lost honour of an old companion in arms, and when the image of the heart-broken Sophia rose before him.

One of the ladies in waiting of the royal family was introduced to the major. She communicated the tidings that the princess continued seriously ill—that the physician to the household held out no hope of recovery. The oil in the lamp of life was exhausted, and the flame was about to expire. The morning of the eighth day dawned. About noon the patient rallied. She heard from the lips of the major, who had been summoned into her presence, a confirmation of all that she had dreaded relating to the count. A relapse soon followed. As the evening advanced, the anxiety of the inmates of the palace became more intense. About eleven o'clock she fell into a gentle sleep. From that sleep, however, she never awoke. The doom was about to be fulfilled. The spirit of the murdered Desdemona again hovered over the House of ———. The Princess Sophia expired a few minutes before twelve on the night of the *eighth day after the performance of Othello.*

SPEECHMAKING AFTER DINNER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

The male moiety of the community is composed of two sets of intolerable bores—those who can't make speeches after dinner, and those who can.

The first of the two classes is a vastly miscellaneous one. It comprises the cleverest fellows that ever starved, and the dullest dunces that ever fared sumptuously every day. Wisdom and stupidity, originality and commonplace, here meet on a level. Every thing, as they say, is in position, and truly position is every thing in this matter. Let but commonplace and originality, incapacity and genius, keep seats at table and give their legs a holiday, and you shall see a difference between them as broad as the distinction between the finest turtle, and what the cookery-books call "mock-mutton broth." They have no more resemblance to each other while so seated—they have no more in common—than Shakspeare and his critics, or the Opera and the English Opera. But only let the Dunce and the Genius be called upon to rise—to propose a toast, or to return thanks—let them both get upon their legs. See them once fairly brought to a stand-still, in a small, sober, silenced, listening, assembly, with the eyes of that little Europe upon them, and all its long ears open—and then say, "Handy, dandy, which is the justice, and which is the thief." Decide between the genius and the dunce. Choose your Dromio—they are both alike.

Of the two, perhaps your particularly stupid fellow cuts the best figure. He's a confirmed blockhead, he half suspects it himself, and every body else knows it. He has nothing to say, and he says it as sheepishly as he can. He has dined gloriously, as he fancies, but that's a mistake—he has merely got rid of his appetite, which is a very different thing from dining. He can eat, for he is an animal; but how should such a soul as his ever know how to dine. He drank, too, in his way, at dinner—drinking (divine art!) being a matter in which the idiot is always sure that he is profound; in short he has just gulped down so many glasses of wine, and that passes with him for drinking. Now, is this a goose to bestow upon the mute and expecting company even a cackle of a first-rate character. The donkey does not know even his mother tongue, and his very bray is a failure. Accordingly he tells them six times over, that he is no speaker, though no assertion ever stood in less need of repetition, stammers out two or three practical and most convincing illustrations of the fact, mumbles something about the will and the deed, and sits down considerably less than Nobody.

But your Great Intellect, who gets up next, the Somebody of the party!—Well, the no-mistake principle applies to him; he is Master Sure-card. Perhaps he is not a man of first-rate genius, perhaps he is; clever, accomplished, self-possessed, at all events; born with brains, and bred up among books; plenty to say for himself, and therefore, *of course*, able to say it. We shall hear—and see too. During dinner, how pleasantly has he chimed in with all that was pleasant audibly. We are sitting three or four chairs away from him, but we have caught his voice a dozen times, though not a thought louder than it ought to be, breaking in lively notes through the general chat, and obtaining for itself gradually the unsought but silent attention of the party—drawn to the short smart anecdote he was relating, or the acute and graceful remark, which, though addressed by him to his opposite neighbour only, had insensibly induced all to listen. The consciousness of the silence amidst which he is speaking, does not embarrass him—he speaks to all, if all indicate a wish to hear. He is quite at ease, and makes others feel so. There is a fluency about his chit chat that bespeaks a man little likely to be at a loss for words, or in danger of creating awkward pauses in conversation. He is just the person to talk well, even when there is no subject to converse upon. He can make his theme, you would say, quite as easily as he can manage it. But hush! he rises to speak; he has something to propose; is he going to return thanks? Hush! *he is on his legs!*

He might as well be on his head. But *has* he a head? Has that shy, sheepish, stammering—But let us not anticipate. Give him time. Fair play is the great English principle. Meanwhile, contemplate, look at the object before you—

"See, what a grace is seated on this brow;
Hyperion curls, the front of Jove himself!"

Job would be more germane to the matter, for he is a terrible time before he

begins, and should teach us patience. Action has its eloquence, doubtless, but the ear must be fed too. At present he is the most exclusively pantomimic orator I ever heard—*saw*. He has not the *vox*, though the *præterea nihil* may be indisputable. But hush again! He commences—he has actually articulated, "Mr. Chairman." "And Gentlemen," will develop itself at its leisure.—Hush!—

——"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honied sentences."

Wonderful indeed were the thief that stole sentence of his. Did ever breath give utterance to such a set of dislocated syllables? Every word in succession seems ashamed of its company, if, indeed, it can be said to have companions when the distance between each is so great. A speech, we are told, should come trippingly from the tongue: but this—it sneaks into existence. It is born bit by bit. You only get a sentence by instalments; and when, by a laborious effort of memory, you have collected the various parts and fitted them together, you discover that he has omitted the meaning. Verily the gentleman may have some genius; but nine tenths of it consist purely in the power of concealing the remaining portion of it. Imagine that he is really trying to be intensely stupid—that he is assuming the ignoramus, and then you will perceive at once that his speech is prodigiously clever and eminently artistical. But only conceive him to be laboring to express his thoughts—to present the image of reason to the minds of others—to appear the reflecting, accomplished, and intellectual creature that he actually is, and then consider, were ever means so ill-adapted to the end—so sure rather of producing a contrary result! What a unaccountable perversion—what an inexplicable abuse of the gift of speech—what a mad freak, that sanity should wish to appear in disguise! There is no limit to human folly, but all folly is supposed to have a motive of some sort.—A many may be silly enough to put peas into his boots, but surely not with a view of throwing grace into his steps; or he may pay his tailor regularly, but not with the hope of ranking among fashionable people. But for the folly before us, there seems to be no motive. Why the man's articulation was admirable just now—his conversation ran on as glibly, as though he were speaking

"In dapper couplets like Gay's fables;"

whereas, at this very moment, he is pretending to have an impediment in his speech. His talk was in a strain like that of the brothers in the old play, "far above singing;" and now it is neither song nor sermon. That he is the pleasantest of fellows he has convinced you—and he is now trying to establish a conviction that he is an incurable dolt and an abominable bore. Can it be the same person? Philip drunk and Philip sober ;ve can identify as the same; but we can recognise no feature here corresponding with the character seen but now. Is there a transformation so wonderful depending upon the question, whether you speak sitting or standing? Has the head such an antipathy to the feet that it won't act in concert with them?

The Incapables are, as we have said, a very miscellaneous class, and the circumstances under which they exhibit their incapacity are manifold. There are three distinct sets of them; those who are suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to do oratorical duty after dinner; those who anticipate the call, and come with malice aforethought, and with fraudulent intentions, to pass off a written essay for a speech; and those, the volunteers and intruders, who are smitten with a love of speechmaking, who are certain that nature meant them for first-class orators, and who tell you to your teeth that they are Ci—Ci—Ciceros and Ch—Cha—Chathams to a m—m—man Because the greatest of orators stuttered, they are convinced that they can speak most eloquently, if people would only take something to cure their coughs.

The first of these three sets comprises the only after-dinner speechmakers, who ever excited in me one emotion akin to mercy. They are usually brought upon their legs by some mark of respect, and are, therefore, objects of compassion. As they have been deemed worthy of a tribute of honor, one pities them. Theirs is rather a hard case, certainly. They came out to be comfortable, they are unanimously selected as meriting a compliment; they have the esteem and praises of the whole table—and they are consequently put to the torture. Watch a modest man of this class undergoing "all the honors" as per order from the chair. He was in excellent spirits before you drank his health—he never felt better in his life than when unconscious of your concern about him—he wanted nothing on earth until he found himself in possession of your good wishes; but now he is miserable to the finger-tips. Observe how they just tremulously touch the table when he has risen to fulfil the grateful duty of stretching himself upon the rack. Listen—no, you can't catch his voice yet, but you may hear his knees knock together. He is a bold brave fellow, and no fool either, is this shivering Incapable. He is a dashing politician, and thrusts a sharp pen, six times a week, clean through a dozen tolerably eloquent Members of Parliament. He has drowned a few oratorical Peers in his inkstand. But look at him now! He can't say "Bo" to the chairman. He hasn't a word to throw at the dog that proposed his health. He lacks power to express his grateful sense of the horrible dilemma you have placed him in. His full clear voice is thick and low, his command of language is reduced to a few of the most hacknied and commonplace phrases, and even these he uses without the least pretensions to grace. What confusion and havoc does this penalty make in a man's mind! One of the most sensible and judicious persons alive, but one of the least "accustomed to public speaking," being obliged to address a small company, all associates, on some Shakspearian subject; no less, in fact, than "the memory of Shakspeare," which was the toast he had to propose—actually, in his nervousness and confusion, introduced the poet as one "whose name, he was sure, must be known to *every gentleman present*."—There's fame! There were almost twenty people present, and most of them must have been authors.

The second division, the fraudulent speechifiers who come prepared with a "spontaneous burst of eloquence," the result of written essays got by heart, one would abhor with more intensity, if they did not so cruelly punish themselves while inflicting punishment on us. Our comfort always is, that they have had no enjoyment of their dinner. The premeditated speech has stuck in their throats the whole time, more tormentingly than a fish-bone. Ten chances to one but a bit of it comes out accidentally, which you identify after dinner, when reproduced in its right place.

If you sit next to one of this class, you must address him twice before you get the ordinary reply. If you ask him for the salt he is thinking about something totally different in its nature—the speech. When the moment comes (this is our revenge and consolation) he can't recollect it. He has run it over in his mind once too often. He has spouted it over each course at dinner, and glanced at the heads of it over the dessert. And now the "glory that was once so bright" is dim, dull, all but imperceptible. He can't for his life remember two consecutive sentences of the speech. He has caught his Phœnix just as it was on the wing to go off—that's lucky! and he has planted his Upas-tree securely—that's glorious! he can also recollect his favorite quotation, but imperfectly—he is satisfied that it is to this effect:

"That angels seldom call and don't stay long."

But unluckily no trace of what should introduce and connect these essential flourishes lingers in the memory; he has some of his pearls left, but he has no string, and they are all but useless. What adds to the perplexity, the lost speech is an insurmountable obstacle to the formation of another; he can't think of something else to say, for his mind will endeavor to recall what it had learnt. At last, after a few straggling phrases, forming altogether a most disjointed and spasmodic sentence, you hear him going on:

"And this I may say, gentlemen,—that is, I may, perhaps, be allowed to observe—to remark, rather, as remarkably expressive of—to *observe*, I would say, as remarkably expressive of my feelings on this occ—on the present occasion—that this, gentlemen—that I consider this—I'm sure I need not say—and I—that this, gentlemen—that I consider this—I'm sure I need not say—and I say it without hesitation—that this is the proudest moment of my life. [*Pause.*] For as the fabled bird of poetry, the maiden Phœnix of our immortal bard, derives renewed vitality from the ashes of, if I may be allowed the expression, an expired and extinct existence, so does the calm serenity of age emanate from the transitory turbulence of youth. [*Pause.*] And, gentlemen—gentlemen, I'm quite sure I need not add—need not add, on the present occasion—what I'm quite sure you will readily believe, that my feelings are naturally on the present occasion—that those feelings, I say, may be conceived, or even imagined, but they can neither be described, nor—nor—depicted. [*Pause.*] For like the poisenous Upas, whose deadly and devastating," &c. Fluent for two minutes and a half.

The third division of the Incapables is composed of those inveterate declaimers who are never easy but when they are on their legs—though they can't go on ten seconds together; they must be able to make speeches they think, for it is notorious that they could never do any thing else. This is no conclusive argument, we know; but then they don't like conclusive arguments. Their arguments have no conclusions—no middles—no beginnings. They haven't the merit even of "blundering round about a meaning." Speaking is one thing—speechifying is another; now these people can't even speechify; they go on for half an hour without getting a sentence further—repeating their substantives, recalling their adjectives—substituting this phrase for that, until they come to a dead-lock in a parenthesis; when down they sit, wondering what impression their eloquence has made, to restore drooping nature by means of oratory's best companion, an orange—and to watch for an opportunity of getting up again. But these pleasant fellows are not conceited; oh no! they are merely in error—rather in error, as to their estimate of the essential qualities of oratory. They are not vain; only they do wish that they had been induced to enter Parliament early in life; and they can't help wondering sometimes, what effect their peculiar style of speaking might produce on the House. They may be wrong; but they think now Canning's gone!—they don't know!

But patience is exhausted. Let us turn to the other half of the dining community—the culprits that CAN speak.

There may be differences of opinion as to the evils occasioned by the pretenders whom we have just sketched; to some people the torture may be more tolerable than it is to me. I once knew a sane man who had a taste for going to see young gentlemen make their first appearance on any stage in the character of Douglas. He might have fancied these convulsions after dinner. But about the notorious offenders whom I am now to introduce, there can only be a universal concurrence of sentiment. They are bores of the first magnitude—regular Thames-tunnellers. They will talk—"ye gods, how they will talk!"

The question whether a good speech or a bad speech has been delivered, need scarcely be put; the objection at the outset being, it *is* a speech. The composition of a certain fish-sauce is justified by an ingenious friend of ours, on the ground that it is made only of "the *best* black beetles." The sauce and the speech may admit of the same vindication, and then remain as objectionable as before. The speech is liable to condemnation on seventeen separate grounds; the first count of the indictment against it is, that it stops the claret. After this we may abandon the other sixteen; our case is proved. But the man who delivers it—who has kept us waiting twenty minutes with a dry glass—what consummate effrontery! and what measureless conceit—what unfathomable ignorance of human nature, to suppose that we deem it pleasanter to listen to his voice than to our own. But above all, what ingratitude! We have just drunk the monster's health (to be sure the wine's particularly good), in a bumper; and the advantage he takes of this, is identical with that taken by the frozen adder. Enviable adder after all—for adders are deaf! He makes us speedily retract our courteous wishes for his very, perhaps jolly, good health; and we inwardly substitute for them a fervent prayer to be evermore preserved from the inflictions of my Lord Tongue. It is all very well to point to the stop watch when he has set down, and show that the speech was after all only five-and-thirty minutes long; if the time seemed three weeks to me, three weeks it was. But, without exaggeration, it seemed half a century. I felt that I had grown gray, and only wondered how the company had contrived to shave invisibly. And the orator sat down, doubtless, imbued with a happy consciousness that he had established his own importance—that the length of his speech proved him to be a person of some standing in society, as its heaviness showed he was a gentleman of no ordinary weight.

A common specimen of the Can-Speak tribe, is the gentleman who having watched, very uneasily, the course of a particularly brisk and interesting conversation for two or three hours, despairs of an opportunity dropping in his way, and rises with marked diffidence to beseech pardon from "our excellent host," if for one minute—one moment only—he ventured just to presume to propose a single toast. After a few flourishes, expressive of his deep regret that the task should have devolved upon him, and of his conviction that every one of his hearers is incalculably more competent to render justice to it than he is—in fact, that he has no qualification for such a task, (why did he voluntarily and intrusively undertake it?) no qualification except his profound sense of the eminent worth that presides so hospitably over the table;—After this, which seldom occupies more than ten minutes, he begins—perhaps with an allusion to something that Sencca has observed, or to something else that took place in the middle ages; he then fixes his view for a short time upon West Indian affairs—details to the company his impressions on the subject of phrenology—intimates that he is yet unconvinced by the arguments in favor of Le Sage's claim to the authorship of Gil Blas—doubts whether the north-west passage will ever be effected, and explains why—dwells for a few minutes on the currency question, and descants liberally upon corn—reverts to Macready's *Hamlet*, and proves that his *Oliver Cromwell*, had he ever played that character, would have been still better—settles upon a dozen other and equally pertinent subjects in succession—examines at due length the question, whether muffins or crumpets are preferable in a digestive sense—and winds up by observing, that although he is totally unable to expatiate with any effect upon these grave topics he feels sure that he need offer no apology in that company for proposing to them the health of their respected and admirable host."

What a pity it is that improper language is not proper language! Phrases fit for a magazine, are all unfitted to convey an idea of the indignation, with which such an after-dinner orator must inspire the most patient and unresenting nature. It is impossible to say what we think of him in print.

Among the other species, he is most to be avoided, who takes his flight without a subject of any sort to set bounds to his discursiveness—who has the faculty of saying an infinite deal of nothing, upon nothing. He opens with an humble acknowledgment, that after the brilliant speeches to which he has been a delighted listener, it would be presumptuous in him to dream of interesting his audience—and then off he goes. Sheer want of breath can alone check his career, even momentarily. Mysterious are the laws that govern the human mind, but more mysterious is the mind that is governed by no laws at all. Such is the mind of our expatiater upon flowers and stars, and divine emotions, and humanizing influences—on power, glory, beauty, love, and genius—on revivifying gladness and ecstatic sorrow—on every thing that is and is not—and on all that amounts to the opposite of something. These spoiled children of eloquence have a theory that sound and sense, too, are not necessary to a splendid speech: they are convinced that speaking and thinking at the same time is a sad waste of the human faculty. They consistently act upon their theoretic principle; they harangue, two hours together in a manner remarkably independent of thought, and if they ever think, it must be when they are silent. As they use no phrases but very fine ones, their language is assumed to be eloquent; as Brummel might have been taken for a Cœsus in virtue of his profound unconsciousness of "change for a shilling." Because they are always speaking, they fancy that they must be speakers—it would be as reasonable to contend that a man who always walks to his club, must be club-footed.

The science of dining will never be perfectly understood, or rendered so conducive as it might be to the happiness and ends of society, until it has been made to comprise all the after-arrangements which are now left for chance or caprice to settle. Then, a man will no more be allowed to make speeches over his wine than over his venison, and he would just as soon think of eating the health of every man at table as of drinking it. Imagine the absurdity of pledging the chairman in calipash; or rising, spoon in hand, to propose a friend's health in a bumper of green peas!

Those whose miserable fate it has been to move much among orators must, in the intensity of their unmerited affliction, carry their objections to speechifying still further. For my own part, I am clearly of opinion, with Lord B., that "practised oratory" is a "worthless accompaniment," and that he is the most eloquent man in company who most nearly resembles Fielding's venerated Parson Supple—a gentleman who was remarkable for his taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never shut at it. But the accomplishment is worse than worthless. Never, I am convinced, will our beloved country flourish as it ought to do, until speechmaking is abolished by act of parliament. Tongues once set going, never stand still while their owners are able to stand. As long speeches require ears to match, it should be a sign of wisdom not to listen. Let those who speak, hear too. Every Orator his own Audience. That's reasonable.

London New Monthly.

MATHEWS, KEMBLE, AND MUSTAPHA, THE CAT.

As everything relative to the late Charles Mathews is an object of public interest, we are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with a portrait in character of that unrivalled comedian, and with a scene in private life between him and his friend, Kemble.

"Mr Mathews and Mr. Kemble had been dining together at Mr. Charles Kemble's house. Mr. John Kemble had taken much wine, and when the party broke up, Mr. Mathews determined to accompany the tragedian to his own door. Giving him his arm, therefore, they proceeded slowly to Mr. Kemble's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The tragedian was full of talk, and '*very happy*,' as it is *called*; and although the hour was late, his pressing invitation to his friend to enter the house with him, induced my husband to obey. It was evident that the man who opened the door was the only person who remained up in the establishment. Mr. Kemble went into his library, accompanied by Mr. Mathews, and desired the attendant to bring a tray; at the same time, with great formality, introducing him to the notice of his guest as the 'gentleman who did him the honor to take care of his wine,' &c. It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors, above all, his '*below-ed Shakspeare*:' on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine, wine and water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favorite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary powers of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c., were detailed to Mr. Mathews. *Mustapha*, Mr Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c, and grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed happy in its master's presence; and looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him. Mr. Mathews mewed: Mr. Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat, observed, 'There, my dear Mathews, do you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it.' This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble, at last, said to him, in his slow and measured tones: 'Now, you don't know what he means by *that*, but I *do*. Mus!—Mus!' (on every reiteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness)—'umph! My dear sir, that creature *knows* that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! Mus! Mus!'—but Mus was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakspeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a *mew*, as he believed, from the dissatisfied Mus. 'What,' asked his fond master, looking down upon him, 'what is it you desire, my good friend?' (Mus alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) 'Well, well! I understand you: you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you.' Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with its face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited Mustapha's exit; but Mustapha having no *voice* in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached him with being a '*little capricious* in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay.' With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favorite's humor, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome Mustapha again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and looking again at the imaginary cause of his interruption, with philosophic patience, asked,—'Well, Mus, what would you have?' Then, after another pause, turning to his guest, said: 'Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, *that cat* knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up.' Then benevolently looking at the cat, added,—'Umph!—my dear Mus. I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really can-*not* go to bed yet.' Mus whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice Mus from the fire-place, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established, the incorrigible Mus was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for readmittance. 'Umph!' said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff,—'now, *that* animal, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me. (Mus was louder than ever at this moment). 'Why, what ails the creature? Surely, there is more in this than we dream of, Mathews. You, who have studied such beings, ought to be able to explain.' Poor Mus made another pathetic appeal for re-admission, and his master's heart was not made of flint. Mr. Kemble apologized to his guest for these repeated interruptions, and managed once more to make his way to the door. After opening it, and waiting a minute for the re-entrance of his favorite, but not seeing it, he smiled at my husband with the same indulgent expression as before, and remarked, 'Now, would you believe it, Mathews, that *extraordinary* animal was affronted at not being let in again on his first appeal?—and now it is his humor not to come at all! *Mus!—Mustapha!—Mus!* But as no Mus appeared, the door was closed with the same deliberation, and Mr. Kemble once more contrived to regain his chair, and recommenced his comments, quite unobservant of the almost hysterical fit of laughter to which my husband was by this time reduced, at the imposition he had so successfully, though in the first place so unintentionally, practised upon the credulity of his grave and unsuspecting friend. But it did not end here; for Mr. Mathews reiterated his imitations, and Mr. Kemble again remarked upon his favorite's peculiarities of temper, &c.,—again went to the door—again returned, till even 'Mr. Midnight' (as some friends of ours christened Mr. Mathews, from his love of late hours) felt it time to retire, and leave Mr. Kemble, which he did as he saw him fall asleep, in the act of representing his idea of the scene of the sick king in Henry IV.,—with his pocket-handkerchief spread over his head as a substitute for the characteristic drapery of the dying monarch."*

* Memoirs of Charles Mathews.

AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

On ——— afternoon, at 4 P. M., a hostile meeting took place at Wimbledon between Lord Brougham, attended by Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Monteagle, attended by the Attorney-General. The parties arrived on the ground in their respective coaches. Sir James Clark was in attendance on behalf of Lord Monteagle, and Dr. Eady for Lord Brougham. The parties having taken their ground, and every adjustment seeming then improbable, a loaded pistol was put into the hands of each; when Lord Brougham suddenly cried out, "Lyndhurst! do you remember Little Cocky's story of *his* duel? What *can* be the matter with Lord Monteagle's white trowsers!" Lord Lyndhurst and the Attorney-General, on this, burst out a laughing, and agreed that it was impossible to let the affair proceed—that the respective honours of each noble and ancient House, had been nobly and well maintained, and that they might as well adjourn to the Star and Garter, at Richmond, to dinner. So the parties shook hands, and the doctors were called, one of whom was amusing himself by chalking a wall, for which a policeman was about to shop him, and the other was contemplating the portly figure of the wall-chalker, and wondering if he could be *in the family-way*. The harmonious conclusion of the business did not appear to please these gentlemen as it did the others. But the Richmond dinner restored good harmony, and the parties returned to town late in the evening; Dr. Eady accompanying Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, and Sir James Clark, Lord Monteagle, and the Attorney-General

We attest the above to be a true representation of facts, as they occurred.

LYNDHURST, X. C.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Xpec-C.

Star and Garter, Richmond, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1839.

CORRESPONDANCE.

DEAR LORD BROUGHAM—I see by a report of one of your speeches in the *Times* of last week—a paper I do not often see—you were made to call me "poor and pitiful." Did you apply such terms to me or not?

Yours truly, MONTEAGLE.

Addressed, &c., dated Sept. 26.

DEAR MONTEAGLE—I cannot tell.—Yours truly, BROUGHAM.

Address. date, &c.

DEAR LORD BROUGHAM—Oblige me by giving me your belief on the subject.

Yours truly, MONTEAGLE.

Address, &c.

DEAR MONTEAGLE—I have no belief one way or the other.

Address, &c. Yours truly, BROUGHAM.

Lord Monteagle presents his compliments to Lord Brougham, and begs him to state his recollection on the subject of their late correspondence.

Address, &c.

Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Lord Monteagle, and informs him that he cannot recollect. He seldom recollects to-morrow what he has said the day before.

Address, &c

Lord Monteagle presents his compliments, &c., and wishes to know, if such words were used, whether they were meant to be used politically or personally

Address, &c.

Lord Brougham's compliments, &c., and informs Lord Monteagle that he may take it as he pleases.

Address, dated, Friday, Sept. 27, 12 H. M.

The hostile meeting was the consequence; and Lord Brougham, when the thing was all over, at their wine after the dinner, told Lord Monteagle that if he had used such words, which he thought he had not, he only could have meant to speak politically of his lordship, and *not in his private character*; upon which the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer declared himself perfectly satisfied; Lord Brougham observing then that they need *not* have gone out, for that he only told his Noble Friend *to take it as he pleased*; and if one thing *pleased* him and and another did *not*, why not take the one he preferred?

Beautiful Simile.—A Yankee paper thus pathetically describes the fainting of a lady:—

"Down fell the lovely maiden,
Just like a slaughtered lamb;
Her hair hung round her pallid cheeks,
Like sea-weed round a clam!"

Ethereal Softness.—A gentlemen sent the following lines to a young lady, on hearing her aver that she had read through the Waverly novels, 'skipping the Scotch.'

"O soft is the breath of the zephyrs on roses,
And soft is the blue-bell that hangs on the wall,
And softer the down that on other reposes;
But, Susan, your head is *far softer than all*."

The property left by Sir John Ramsden, late deceased, is prodigious. His grandson, the young Baronet, eleven years of age, succeeds to 120,000*l.* per annum; 500,000*l.* is divided amongst his three sons, 40,000*l.* to each of his daughters, and to his widow 8000*l.* per annum.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Melancholy Accident.—A letter from the senior Editor, dated Lexington, Ky., the 26th inst., informs us that *Medoc broke his near fore leg*, on the 22d inst., about half way between the knee and elbow. It appears that he was taking his exercise upon the lawn in front of Col. BUFORD's residence, near Frankfort, and in playing, with a boy on his back, he stepped into a pit, three or four feet deep, and the shock was so great as to break his leg. A trench was dug, and on being got out, he contrived to limp on three legs to his stable, where he was immediately slung and his leg splintered. The editor writes that he saw him about thirty hours after the accident; he had become less restless, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. Medoc is in his tenth year, and his death at this time would be a very serious loss, not only to Kentucky, but to the American Turf.

Grey Eagle not broke down!—A recent letter from the Editor (now on his way home from Kentucky) is to the following effect:—"I saw Mr. SHOTWELL and Mr. SIDNEY BURBRIDGE yesterday at Frankfort, who inform me that Grey Eagle has not broken down, as was supposed. The injury of which he complained at Louisville is in the coffin-joint of his left fore leg; the ancle and joint are a little swollen, but neither his pastern nor cannon bone are affected, and his leaders are as sound as ever." This intelligence has excited the utmost gratification here, and will give pleasure to every admirer of the high-mettled racer. It is supposed that Grey Eagle will make a season next Spring at the stable of Mr. Burbridge, and be trained in the Fall.

Imported Stock.—The reader is referred to an advertisement on the 10th page, which announces the expected arrival of some fine stock at Mobile. The most notable thing in the lot is *Riddlesworth*, by Sultan, out of Filagree (the grandam of Bay Middleton, Cæsar, and other good ones). Riddlesworth was bred by Lord JERSEY in 1828, and was distinguished upon the turf. He comes of a very fashionable stock—all the family run. A share in him is for sale, and breeders in Alabama should not allow such blood to leave the State.

With Riddlesworth come out four yearlings—well bred, as the reader may see by the advertisement. They likewise will be for sale. When they arrive, a more full description shall appear in these columns.

The name of *Passport* is claimed for H. A. TAYLOE's nomination in the Peyton Stake. He is a chesnut, with a star and snip—no other white. His form is said to be nearly perfect, but perhaps rather under size. He has the same sort of white in one eye spoken of in Mr. Stevens's Plenipo colt, which gives him a very fierce expression.

The Great Match.—To our surprise, we have heard not one word as to the match between *Boston* and *Wagner*, although we have seen a turfman who left Baltimore Thursday evening only. Odds would now be laid that it will not be made at all; yet the impression would seem to be otherwise in Baltimore. The temporary absence of Mr. CAMPBELL from town, in all probability is the cause of the uncertainty which hangs about the business. Another week will clear it up.

The Yacht.—We regret to learn that this beautiful vessel of Mr. STEVENS (not yet christened by the way) was dismasted the other day in a severe blow off the Hook. Her masts were too light for her hull—not too tall as has been said—they will be replaced with others of the same height, but greater strength. The sailing qualities of the vessel proved altogether satisfactory to her owner, who, with a few friends and a numerous crew, ran great personal hazard in the accident that befell her.

We again call attention to Mr. KENDALL's advertisement in another column. Some errors in the former advertisement have been corrected, and additions made to it.

We hope, next week, to give a full report of the trotting on the Cambridge Park Course, Mass., as well as the Kingsbury Course, Md.

Regatta.—The Newburgh people have already announced their Regatta for next year. See advertisement. The prizes are worth contending for, and are open for all. This is the true system, and a brilliant display may be expected. Aquatic amateurs are principally indebted to Capt. ROBINSON, of Newburgh, for the spirit with which this favorite sport is kept up on the Hudson river.

Died in Pickens District, S. C., on the 16th Sept. 1839, the horse *Governor Buster*, who was by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Buster, the property of Messrs. LEWIS & McDOWELL.

On the 9th page of our paper may be found numerous sales of Stock in England, crowded out of our last. Some of the prices brought were immense.—Extensive sales were made at the 2d October meeting, at lower rates.

"*Colden.*"—Two communications have appeared in the "Baltimore Chronicle," under this signature, laboring to prove that the Kendall Course is the fit place for running the great match, should it be made. Some of the grounds assumed are altogether right and tenable; others will appear in a different light to proprietors of other courses. The chief point insisted upon is, that although the Kendall Course is the speediest in the country, it is likewise the safest.

It had been objected to by some as too hard, and this point is combatted with some pertinacity, but we think not with perfect success. It would be unbecoming in us to take any part in this discussion, nor will it affect our interests whether the race be run here, at Trenton, Baltimore, or Columbia, South Carolina. We should like to see the match made, and more than all, like to see the race. We allude to the articles signed "Colden" because we have been earnestly requested to copy them. The first one we have in type, but no room for it. Unless something decisive turns up about the match before our next paper goes to press, it may not then be too late to give both communications.

"N." ON HIS ROUTE HOME.

NEAR MEMPHIS, Oct. 22, 1839.

My dear P.—I am thus far on my way home, after a most tedious journey, having left Louisville on the 8th inst. John Randolph, when he said the Ohio was frozen up six months, and dry the balance of the year, was not very far wide of the mark. But even the "father of rivers" is a small affair at this time, and we have had to sound more than once. I left Louisville in the De Kalb, Capt. Lemon commanding, and was compelled to leave her at Wabash bar, as there was not water enough. She is an excellent boat, and the captain about as clever a fellow as the next. I got on the Gloster, and as far as the appearance of boats is concerned, she is much superior to the De Kalb; but when you come to good living and politeness, oh, lordy! but there was a wide gap. The Captain of the Gloster is the last man I would burst a cap at if I were sent out to shoot a polite man. At Smithland he refused to go further, saying, that there was not sufficient water; this was not the truth, because boats of larger size went over afterwards.

My next change was to the Brighton, a name that will long be treasured up by those who were fortunate enough to travel on her. If she is not the slickest and nicest boat that floats the water, she is at all events as well provided with diet as any other craft on the Western waters. The modesty of her captain in only taking as many on board as he could well accommodate, is deserving of all praise. Notwithstanding all, I have had a pleasant time, for I found on the Gloster some of my best friends, whose society can make a paradise even of the Brighton. I am now on the steam-boat Meteor, the most beautiful craft that floats on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi; she is commanded by Capt Duncan, and every attention is given that one finds in well regulated hotels. She is finished and furnished in the neatest manner; the ladies' cabin has a fine piano, and we have music all the time. She measures 350 tons, but can carry 600 down stream. Her cost was about $60,000.

Have you seen the result of the Nashville races? *Picton* could not come it, though he made a short time before the race the best trial he had ever made. I saw "*old Wagner*" as I left; he looked as fresh as a rose. He is a magnificent horse.

Grey Eagle is not so badly injured as was at first supposed; he will possibly stand training yet.

I saw in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Winchester, a yearling by Felt, that is decidedly the best yearling I have seen. He belongs to Mr. Walls. He is a rich bay, with black legs, mane, and tail, of good finish, with extraordinary bone. His dam by Gohanna, grandam Martha Turpin, by Shylock.

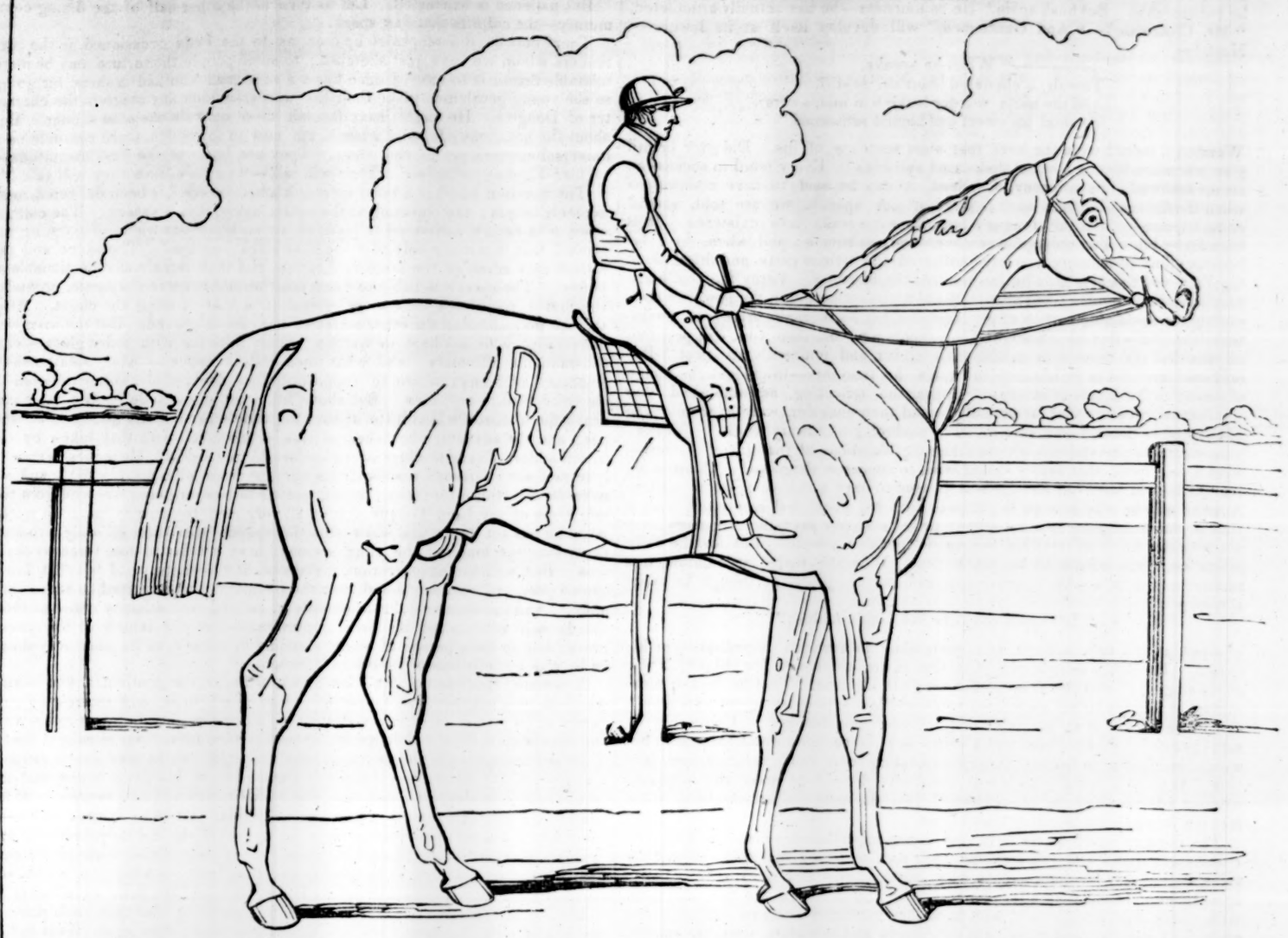
I paid a visit to the breeding stud of JUNIUS R. WARD, Esq., of Georgetown Ky., and was most delighted. I will at leisure give a description of his stock.

I am anxious to hear from the races East, as I am strongly in hopes that *Hornblower* and *Boston* have come together. If so, I think it will be the old story of "white nose" first. I believe Boston can beat any two horses in the United States, and one shall be turned loose the first heat—the other the next.

In haste, yours, N.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII., WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER, 1839.

ENGRAVED FOR THE "NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," FROM "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."



DESCRIPTION.

A brown colt, full sixteen hands high, his eyes small and black, his head is large, but clean, his neck straight and high; shoulders oblique, deep in the brisket, but not very high in the withers; is a very round ribbed horse, short in the back (this last point will, perhaps, be disputed), particularly long quarters, very full in the gaskins, long strong thighs with fine large hocks, capital legs, and feet inclined to be flat. (W. Scott gives the colt's height as 15 hands and an inch and a half.)

PEDIGREE.

Charles the Twelfth was bred by Major Yarburgh; he was got by Voltaire out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam, bred by the Major in 1818,) by Prime Minister; her dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimsthorpe by Weasel—her dam Ancaster—dam Arabian—Sampson—Oroonoko—Sister to Mirza.

PERFORMANCES.

At the Liverpool Races won the Trade Cup, carrying 6st. 6lb., beating Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Bowes's ch. h. Epirus, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Fowler's br. h. Heron, 6 yrs., 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Hesseltine's br. h. Slashing Harry, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb; Mr. Copeland's b. h. King Cole, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, 4 yrs., 8st.; Mr. Fowler's ch. c. Gilbert Gurney, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.; Captain Healey's ch g. Van Buren, 5 yrs., 7st 6lb; Mr. Cooke's ch. m. Rachel, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Allen's b. c. Percy, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.; Mr. Ogden's b. c. Harpurhey, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb.; Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, 5 yrs, 6st. 6lb.; and Mr. Brown's b. c. Hopeful, 4 yrs., 6st. 6lb. (carried 6st. 8lb.)

EUCLID'S PEDIGREE.

He was bred by Mr. Thornhill, and was got by Emilius (a Derby winner) out of Maria (bred by the Trustees of Lord Strathmore, in 1827) by Whisker, her dam Gibside Fairy by Hermes, out of Velocipede by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter. Stands about 15 hands and an inch.

FRANKFORT (Ky.) FALL RACES.

[From one of our special Travelling Correspondents.]

Dear Sir:—The first meeting over the Capitol Course commenced on Wednesday the 23d inst. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, and the dusty roads, the track boasted a numerous company, both of ladies and gentlemen; the running, and the whole arrangements, gave great satisfaction. The track is about three miles from the city, beautifully situated on the Forks of Elkhorn; from its central location, in the immediate neighborhood of some of the most prominent breeders in the State, and backed, as it is, by a liberal community, it must eventually become one of the most popular and respectable tracks in the west. The following gentlemen are the officers of the Club:—

Hon. J. J. Crittenden, President; O. G. Cates, Orlando Brown, and C. Samuel, Esqrs, Vice Presidents; and H. T. Blanton, Esq., Secretary.

WEDNESDAY; Oct. 23, 1839—*Cooper's Stake*, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $100 each, h. ft., to which a Silver Pitcher (value $100) was added. Two mile heats.

Lieut. W. S. Harris' b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter	1	1
Capt. J. A. Holton's br. c. *Vidocq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder	2	2
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian	dist.	

Time, 3:52—3:56.

Mary was the favorite against the field. She is a blood like filly of about 15½ hands in height—a bay with white hind feet. She took the lead in both heats, made all the running, and won handily. Jenny was stale and off her feet, the effects of a dose of assœfatida taken the evening previous; she has made a trial run, with her shoes on, in 3:52. Vidocq is a colt of great size, being sixteen hands high, and, with the exception of a slight mark in the forehead, is a bay without white. He promises to make a figure, one of these days, in a long race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at $50, P. P. Mile heats.

Capt. John A. Holton's b. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko	2	2
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. by Wm. Harrison, dam by Orphan	4	3
W. W. Bacon's ch. f. *Caroline Stewart*, by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart	3	4

Time, 1:55—1:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Wm. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. c. *Guy of Warwick*, by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. *Bendigo*, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	dr.
John Harper's ch. c. *Bob Walker*, by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	4	dist.
Ben. Luckett's b. h. *Chilton*, by Sea Gull, dam by Hazard, 6 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 6:02—6:02

Betting: Guy *vs.* the field. The Medoc went away with the lead at a first-rate speed, *Bendigo* lying second. Guy, and the other two, some fifty yards in the rear rank. In this order they continued to the last straight run home, when Guy went up, challenged Bendigo, and changed places with him; he made an effort to reach the colt but it was a vain attempt. The Medoc came in an easy winner. Guy pulled up within the distance stand, and allowed Bendigo to place himself second. The other two just saved their distance.

In the second heat, Mr. Buford's colt again led off and continued in front without the least difficulty, and came in, swinging hard in hand, several lenghts a-head—distancing Bob Walker and Chilton.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse $600, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. *Cub*, by Medoc, out of Mary by Sumpter, 3 yrs. *Joshua.*	1	1
J. M. Pindell's b. m. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	3	2
J. W. Fenwick's b c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee, 3 yrs	2	3
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. *Rodolph*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Moses, aged	4	dist.

Time, 8:03—8:05.

Cub was decidedly the favorite. At the signal they got off in pretty good style. The favorite bounded away in front, Florida second, Camden third, and Rodolph some distance behind under a strong pull. They each maintained this relative position for three miles. Time, 1st mile, 2:05—2nd, 2:02—and 3d, 2:05. When about half a mile from home they increased their pace. Camden made a dart at Florida—after a short rally passed her and made running at Cub, and was for a moment at her flanks, but he was shaken off with ease, and never afterwards got near the filly, who won the heat very cleverly. West Florida 3d, and Rodolph, who had persevered, came in a good 4th.

In the second heat Camden made play and took the lead to the second turn, where he was instantly passed by Cub, who then made the running, and was never afterwards approached. Time, 1st mile, 2:04—2d, 1:59—3d, 2:00—and 4th, 2:02. Camden ran very unkindly in this heat, he sulked two or three different times. The heavy weight and heavy track was too much for the old veteran Rodolph—he was distanced, though he fought nobly.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. $20 each. One mile.

H. T Blanton's ch. f. *Red Sow*, by Medoc, 3 yrs	1
John Harris' b. f. by Singleton, 3 yrs	2
John Benson's b. c. by McDuffy, 4 yrs	3

Time, 1:58.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Lewis Sanders, Jr.'s b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William	rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. $50 each, with $50 added. Mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. *Arabella*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. *Red Morocco*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	2	2
E. R. Price's b. c. *Goneway*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 1:51—1:55.

Betting, 3 to 1 on Morocco vs. the field. Arabella led off in each heat, and won them both cleverly by several lengths.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side; Two miles.

Ben. Luckett's b. f. *Mary Ellen*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	
R. Jordan's b. f. by Jim Cropper, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs	2	

Time, 3:59.

MOSCOW (Ky.) FALL RACES.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts; Six subs. at $100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. f. *Mary Trifle*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian	1	1
J. L. Davis' b. c. by Bill Tell, dam by Whip	2	bolt.
P. Edrington's ch. c. *Jim Berryman*, by President	dist.	

Time, 2:05—2:00.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24 Sweepstake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. c. *Dave Patton*, by Sumpter, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	1	1
J. Phillips' ch. f. *Labella*, by Telegraph	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $10, free for all ages, weight as before; Mile heats.

R. P. Rains' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
J. Phillips' b. f. *Isadora*, by Jefferson, dam by Tennessee Oscar	2	2
P. Edrington's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Highlander, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:56.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. Harper's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacelet, 2 yrs	1	1
Price Edrington's b. h. by Bertrand, 5 yrs	3	2
S. Phillips' b. c. *Baron Larrey*, by President, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 3:58—4:07. Track 30 or 40 yards over a mile.

A. G. BARTLETT, *Sec'y.*

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Mulberry Course*, commenced on Tuesday, the 22d Oct., and continued three days. Report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's b f. *Morion*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	1	1
Maj. T. H. Doswell's ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	4	2
McCargo & Duvall's b. c. *Daadridge*, by Virginian, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs	3	3
D. H. Waddle's bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	2	dr

Time, 3:51½—3:53.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

James Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1
A. Robinson's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohannah, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs	5	2
Maj. T. H. Doswell's br. f. *Martha Bickerton*, by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs	7	3
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lilly*, by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	4	4
D. H. Waddle's (S. W. Morgan's) b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	2	6
Isham Puckett's b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, 5 yrs	3	5
McCargo & Duvall's b. m. *Martha Colvin*, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 6 yrs	6	7

Time, 5:50—5:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse $100, conditions as before; Mile heats.

D. H. Waddle's bl. f by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	1	1
Maj. T. H. Doswell's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	4	2
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	2	3
Duvall & McCargo's b. f. *Lucy Nelson*, by Virginian, dam by Red Eye, 4 yrs	3	4
Isham Puckett's gr. f. *Fly*, by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 4 yrs	5	5

Time, 1:52—1 51:

T. H. Ramsay, *Secretary*.

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES—Concluded.

Franklin, Oct. 24th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—As I promised Mr. Leefe to furnish you with an account of our last day's race, I now comply with my promise. He told me that he had sent you a report of the previous day's racing.

SATURDAY, Oct. 1839—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs—3, 80—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Potsey Davis*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Thos. M. Warren's b. f. *Martha Fox*, by Malcolm, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs	1	2	2
J. L. Grainger's b. f. *Lady Franklin*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sting by Conqueror, 3 yrs	3	dist.	
Col. Wm Wynn's b c. by Imp Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	4	dist.	
Breathitt & Carrol's b. h. *Major Boots*, by Merlin, dam by Alborac, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:53—1:52—2:02.

This was the best race we have had during our meeting, and the time much better than any other race run on our course. *Martha Fox* won the first heat in fine style, and it is the opinion of most of the gentlemen present that had she been well ridden, she would have won the second; as it was, she was only beaten by half a neck. In the second heat Wynn and Grainger did not get off at the tap of the drum, and were distanced by rule.

In haste, I remain yours, J. K. Handy.

MACON (Ga.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Central Course* commenced on Monday, October 21st. The Colt Stake having failed, the Proprietors gave a purse of $100, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, which brought out Messrs. Thomas & Martin's ch. f. *Tallulah*, Col. G. Edmonson's ch c. *Jim Boy*, and Col. G. B. Robertson's ch. c. by Andrew. Jim Boy was the favorite at two to one vs. the field. Tallulah being rather high, there were but few bets taken. The call being made—"Mount your riders," they all came up, looking finely, Tallulah having the track, Jim second, and the Andrew colt third. They all got off finely, Tallulah leading a little, Jim making considerable advances for the pleasure of her company; but it was "no go," the beautiful filly came home a winner, leading from end to end, in 1:58. The Andrew colt was ridden by a boy that never rode a race before, and ere they got to the half mile post, he was evidently out of his distance, but he ran up, and was only beaten about twenty yards.

They all cooled off well except Jim Boy, who scarcely sweat at all. They are called for the second heat—they all come up finely—the drum taps—they are off. Tallulah and Jim run locked for a quarter of a mile, when the coquettish Tallulah gave the uncultivated "Creek" the cut direct, coming home a winner in 1:57, showing that a Georgia lass would not receive the attentions of an Indian lad. Record:—

MONDAY, Oct. 21—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Messrs. Thomas & Martins' ch. f. *Tallulah*, by Hiazim, out of Ajarrah Harrison's dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. G. Edmonson's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Vixen (the dam of Gerow) by Eclipse, 3 yrs	2	2
Col. G. B. Robertson's ch. c. by Andrew, dam unknown, 3 yrs	3	3

Time, 1:58—1:57.

The entries for the second day were Col. Edmonson's *Mary Elizabeth* and Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's *Polly Green*. Mary Elizabeth was the favorite, having won every race she has ever started for, and received forfeits in nearly all her colt stakes, and she is a promising filly. Little Polly was complaining in one of her legs, which made her friends fearful she would break down, which proved to be the case. The first heat was contested in fine style by Polly, but Mary led from end to end, coming home a winner in 3.57.

They sweated out finely, and cooled off well, Polly showing a little lame. They are off for the second heat, Mary leading, the game little Polly contending for a mile and a quarter in fine style, when her leg gave way; she ran the other three quarters of a mile in that situation, showing that she was entitled to her former well earned laurels. Record:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, – yrs	1	1
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's br. f. *Polly Green*,* by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, – yrs	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:05. * Let down.

The entries for the third day's purse were Messrs. Thomas & Martin's gr. c. *Cavaliere Serviente*, by Bertrand, and Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's imported b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp. Miss Accident was the favorite at 100 to 20, and 30 to 10. There was considerable betting on this race, and the knowing ones were completely taken in. The drum taps—bring up your horses—the riders are mounted—the bold Cavaliere comes up with head and tail erect, with the proudest bearing, and Miss Accident comes up looking like a fox. The drum taps—they are off in fine style, Cavaliere leading; she made several advances for the arm of the ungallant cavalier, but he disdainfully put her to the blush, for in every effort she made he showed her the bottom of his feet. The first mile was run in 1:59, and the second in 1:59; in the third mile she again wished to have a conversation, but he declined her attentions, and came home a winner in six minutes, hard in hand.

They sweat out and cool off finely—the time out, they are again summoned to the stand—the drum again taps—they are off, Cavaliere again leading, and the imported lady again making a desperate effort for the American's company; yet, as was the case before, the latter declined the attentions of all royal blood, proving the old maxim, that "the grey horse was the better nag." They ran the first mile in 1:58, and the second in 2:01; the imported lady declined any farther advances towards the ungallant Cavaliere, who came home a winner in 6:04. Record:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Messrs. Thomas & Martin's gr. c. *Cavaliere Serviente*, by Bertrand, d. by Andrew, 4 y.	1	1
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's Imp. b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, d. by Whisker, 3 y.	2	2

Time, 6:00—6:04.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse $800, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 y.	1	1
Messrs. Williams & Forts' ch. h. *Wiregrass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	2	2
Judge Iverson's ch. h. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	3	dr

Time, 8:30—8:31.

Gerow was the favorite, and won without a struggle. The track is very heavy, as we have had no rain since August.

The fifth day's race brought out Col. Edmonson's *Alice Ann*, Col. G. B. Robertson's *Miss Andrew*, and Messrs. Williams & Fort's *Margaret Robb*. Alice was the favorite at 50 to 5, and deservedly so too, for she is a beautiful mare, and has won considerable fame in this kind of a race, being best three in five. The principal betting was between Miss Andrew and Margaret Robb. Alice had the track, and won the first heat easily, without ever being locked, in 1:59.

They are called up for the second heat—the drum taps—they are off—Miss Andrew challenges, and runs dead locked with Alice for half a mile, when the latter drew out, and Miss Andrew yielded the lead; Margaret then made a push, but never could reach Alice, who came home in 1:58.

They are called up for the third and last round, and get off finely; Margaret Robb made a desperate effort at Alice, but she soon gave it up; Miss Andrew then commenced her running, and passed Margaret, but could never reach Alice, who again came home a winner in 2:00. Record:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Col. G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, Jr., dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Col. G. B. Robertson's ch. f. *Miss Andrew*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	3	3	2
Messrs. Williams & Fort's gr. f. *Margaret Robb*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shawnee, 4 yrs	2	2	3

Time, 1:59—1:58—2:00.

Thus ended our Races, which were very poorly attended, more so than any races we have ever had. I know not how to account for it unless we attribute it to the old cry of hardness of the times and the scarcity of money, which needful article is scarcer in Georgia at present than was ever known before. However, the few that attended the races were highly pleased with the sports of the week; and it might have been fun for those who contended for the purses, but you may rest assured it was death to the proprietors, who had nearly all the purses to put up, and must loose money by the weeks' operation.

In haste, Yours, The Secretary.

TERRE-HAUTE (Ind.) FALL RACES.

The Fall Meeting over the Central Course commenced on Wednesday, the 3d, and continued four days. The crowd on the track was uncommonly large, and the races were nobly contested on every day. The stables in attendance were those of Messrs. Weisager, of Indiana; Peters, of Ohio; Dr. Lyon, of Illinois; Maj. Bradley, of Indiana; Ralph Wilson, Esq., of Indiana; Jno. B. Richardson, Esq, of Illinois; and Thos Dowling, of Indiana. The track having been removed to a *new* one, prepared by Mr. Redford, one mile north of town, was not in good condition for quick time; yet, with this disadvantage, it may be seen by the results of each day's race that the nags were none of the slowest. We append the result of each race, the time, &c.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $75 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Daniel Weisager's br. f. by Sir William, dam by Sir Harry	1	1
Wm. Harrington's (Major Lee's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle	2	bolt.
Isaac M. Dawson's b. f. *Mary Fontaine*, by Richard Singleton, dam by Double-head, 3 yrs	bolt.	

Time, 4:09.

The nags, after being called back once, took a notion into their heads that they must go, which they did without the tap of the drum, or any signal from the Judges' stand. Though repeatedly called upon to return, they took up the running, and actually dashed off an entire mile, in despite of numerous orders to pull up. After passing the stand, the riders managed to *stop off the steam*, and they were brought back to the post again, "nothing the worse for the wear," but confoundedly disappointing the concourse, who thought the start good enough for all valuable purposes. The Judges, not having tapped the drum, were resolved that no infraction of the rules should be suffered, and very properly acquainted all present that no horse could be allowed to make any running *there*, unless they gave the signal to be off. Ten minutes were allowed to re-weigh the riders, and to bring up the nags, after which all got well off at the signal, Major Lees' colt taking the track, Mr. Weisager's filly second, and Mr. Dawson's Singleton in the rear. In this position they dashed round the turn into the straight stretch, the Bertrand leading in gallant style, hard pressed by the Sir William. The Singleton lingered, from choice, in the rear, and when they had all entered on the straight run, she took a very unaccountable notion that the track lay about fifty yards to the right, and, without more ado, carried herself, her saddle, and her boy, in that direction, with the velocity of a tornado. The little fellow on her back, thus taken by surprise (he having never rode her before) and differing in opinion with his gallant steed, reined her back into the track, and, in a run of half a mile, made up an ugly gap of some one hundred yards, amid the shouts of hundreds who witnessed her noble effort.—When they passed the stand the Bertrand colt was yet leading, with the fleet and beautiful "Bonnets of Blue" just on his haunches, making some of the most wicked strides imaginable. The fine going "Mary" was well in hand, casting herself off in a manner which reminded one of "*the* Singleton" of Kentucky. Thus they keep it up till they again round the turn into straight work, and opposite the ill-omened gate at which the nags are brought into the grounds of the Course, Mary Fontaine was found among the missing, parted company with her rivals, and a *second* time left the track, with all her baggage, either too independent or too stubborn to follow in the wake of her more fortunate competitors! Her saddle having turned, her boy was barely able to save himself, but was entirely too late to bring her in again in time to make up the ground lost by her second mistake. In the meantime, while she is led off, the Bertrand and William having taken an awful dislike to each other, and the "blue bonnets" of the pretty filly are seen pretty nearly "over the border." A little coaxing, and the filly hails him—a gentle hint, and she locks him—one "*persuading*" jolt, and she passes him—clean ahead, like an arrow, surviving all efforts to keep the gallant "Bonnet" of old Scotia in the rear. She comes to the stand a winner, in 4:08.

After the usual respite, the nags were again saddled, brought to the stand, the drum tapped, and sent off with a good start. "Bonnets" had the lead, which she maintained for some two hundred yards, and, at that point, the Bertrand went up and passed her. A short space was thus maintained, till the nags neared the "*bolting* ground; and, as if the fates ordered it so, out goes the colt into the field, rattling down stalks, and "going his death for the corn!" Every body looked blank—the race was decided—the "Blue Bonnets" went "solitary and alone," without one poor sinner to put her in motion. That "beats all natur," exclaimed a hundred Jack Downing turfites; and so it did. Mr. Weisager's fine entry cantered for the stake, and thus ended the race.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes, five subs. at $75 each, Mile heats.

John B. Richardson's gr. c. *The Sleeper*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of F'ora	rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.?—4, 100—5 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Wm. Peters' b. c. *Buck-Eye*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Indian, 4 yrs	1 1
Thos. Dowling's ch. c. *Uncle Frank*, by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs	2 2
Maj. Bradley's b. h. *Contract, Jr.*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Baronet	3 dist.
Dr. J. H. Lyons' ch. h. *Tom Fisher*, by Crusader, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs	dist.
Wilson & Harrington's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephestion, dam by Stumpter, 6 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:01—6:02. Track heavy.

This was the three mile day—the "great event" of the Fall meeting, in which several Wabash stallions were to contend for the prize of victory. The contest had been anticipated with an intense degree of interest, and it was talked off for several weeks, by every one who took the slightest interest in the sports of the Turf. Keph's noble performances in Kentucky were remembered, and he had lots of friends; while Major Bradley's horse Contract, Jr. went "well up in the picters" against him. Between these two, the *putting up* of the rhino was quite animated, and it was Keph vs. Contract, and *vice versa*, as Sam Weller has it. Uncle Frank was the favorite against the field of Wabash nags, but such offers went a begging for several days before the race. He was a new horse—a Kentucky one, too—and having never been worse than *second* in contending against race nags in that gallant State, it was reasonably expected that he would "shine" out in this Hoosier land, and come off more than conqueror. But a *newer* nag found his way here—a *mysterious* looking "vermint," in shape the most uncouth, for a race-horse, and yet a race-horse after all. They called him Buck-Eye; and as he was on his way to St. Louis, to contend against Van Leer, and Thompson' and Scraggs, and Shackelford, and Frost, he must, in the opinion of the "knowing ones" be "a huckleberry above any one's persimmon." Indeed, every thing indicated a *mystery* in regard to him; and *shadows* of doubt were constantly presenting themselves to the backers of the other entries. As Richard the Third exclaimed at Bosworth Field, with a little variation,

> "*Shadows* that day
> Struck more terror in the soul of *Powers*,
> Than could Keth, Contract, and Tom Fisher,
> Armed in proof, brought to the track."

In this position the horses came to the stand, and at the tap of the drum, they got well off together, Uncle Frank in the lead. Buck eye took up the running, and, like a dutiful child, called on his "Uncle," when a beautiful contest was commenced between them. Both horses were somewhat in hand, but the pace was an awful one, and the other three horses are "pretty considerably" *dispersed*, here and there, making head-way, in the best way possible, to keep within hailing distance of the "twin bullets" in the lead. As they entered on the run to the stand, Buck-eye took the track, Frank lapped on his quarters, and, in this position, they pass into the second mile. The pace now mends, and brush succeeds brush, till, at length, Jacob H. Powers on the sorrel four year old, lands him a few feet ahead, which position he maintains for about six hundred yards, when the Buck-eye horse again challenges. If there could be any mending a pace already terrific, on a heavy track, it is now done, and each horse is going it with a rush which made a thousand honest Hoosiers and Suckers open their eyes. Shout after shout succeeds, as the concourse alternately cheer on their favorite; Buck-eye is ahead a neck, as they make the last turn; and now Frank's rider is calling on him; both nags have the persuaders applied—they are locked, nose and nose, and in this position they come to the distance stand, Frank a foot in front. A desperate struggle ensues—the crowd is hung in suspense—every thing is in doubt, and the Judges declare Buck-eye the winner of the heat by *eight inches!* Time, 6:01. Keph and Tom Fisher distanced.

Second heat.—After a breathing spell of thirty minutes, Buck-eye, Frank, and Contract, are again brought to the post, each looking as fresh and as calm as "a rose in a summer morning." A good start, and Uncle Frank takes the lead, at an easy stride, followed by Contract, Buck-eye well up. In this position, the first mile is run, or rather galloped, all the nags going apparently at their ease. Another half mile is performed in the same way, at the end of which Contract goes at Frank, but he is outfooted by his young competitor, and soon gives place to Buck eye, who now commenced to make his running. Again "Greek meets Greek," and the tug of war is carried on with the noble spirit of two noble animals. As they entered on the last three-quarters of a mile, it was noticed that Buck-eye had drawn out a clear length ahead, and in this position they came to the run home. Here the rider on Frank made his last rally, and here was another beautiful contest. Each horse was now making his prettiest run; but Buck-eye lived it out, and came to the stand one length ahead. Time 6:02 Contract distanced.

This is by far the best three mile race ever made on a Wabash track, and considering the state of the Course, would do no discredit to horses any where. The track is a full mile, and being a *new* one, was very heavy in some places, and excessively *hard* and dangerous in others. Neither Keph or Tom Fisher were in any thing like plight, and Major Bradley's Contract, we are sorry to say, had the misfortune to injure one of his hoofs, which, no doubt, was the cause of his being distanced. All the horses acquitted themselves nobly, and never did riders do themselves more credit than on the present occasion. It was a fair and manly race, such only as should be run by honorable turfites.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Purse $150, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. Dowling's b. f. *Ann Blake*, (late Betsey Baker,) by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Dr. J. H Lyon's br. f. *Water Witch*, by Young Duroc	2	2	2
Daniel Weisager's b. f. *Betsey Fisher*, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, 4 yrs	3	dr.	
Jno. B. Richardson's b. m. *Fairy*, by Randolph's Gascoigne, dam by ——, aged	dist.		
W. Corry's ch. m. *Jane West*, by Deonis, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58.

In this race Thos. Dowling's entry had it all her own way. Ann Blake took the track at the start, and maintained her position from end to end. The race, though good, was not very exciting, and a description of it is deemed useless. The winner was only in training three weeks, and carried six pounds overweight. The *time*, under these circumstances, and the heavy track, is not to be sneezed at. Mr. Weisager's filly was drawn, after the first heat, owing to an injury received whilst running.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse $200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. Peters' b. h. *Martin Van Buren*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Indian, 6 y.	1	1
Wilson & Herrington's b. h. *Keph*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	3	2
Jno. B. Richardson's gr. c. *The Sleeper*, pedigree before, 3 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 3:59—4:09.

The first heat was manfully contested by the grey colt, on nearly every inch of the ground, and it proved a pretty tight squeeze between him and Martin, who won by two or three feet only. In the second heat, Martin found a new customer, in the person of Keph, and the contest was really an animated one. Jacob H. Powers having consented to ride Keph, he was enabled to "wake up" the noble fellow, and, though miserably out of condition, he gave Van Buren some really uneasy moments during the last two miles. Van beat him only a few feet. "The Sleeper" was injured in one of his forelegs, while running the second heat, and this caused him to be distanced.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers of the club (and especially to the Judges in the stand and the Patrol officers,) for the able and disinterested manner in which they discharged their duty. The Club, too, is under great obligations to the Terre-Haute Band for its excellent music, which, next to a fine contest between noble animals, was the best amusement on the Course. May they long live to enjoy the strains which made others happy during the past week!

Courier

GREENVILLE (S. C.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Greenville Course* commenced on Monday, 23d Sept., and continued six days.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Colt Stake for 3 yr olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

Capt. John Maxwell's b. f. *Alatoona*, by Argyle, out of Viola (Chestatee's dam) by Gallatin	1	1
Mr. Duncan's b. c. *Sessums*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Harwood	2	2

Time, 2:02—1:57.

Alatoona was the favorite, and took both heats with ease. Sessums was out of order, but promising.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Governer Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Francis by Director, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Duncan's b. c. *Lownds*, by Nullifier, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 6:03.

Numerous bets were offered in favor of the Governor. At the hour they appeared, both, to all appearance, in fine condition, and at the signal off they went, at a lick that brought them round the first mile in 1:51, and the second in 1:52. On entering the third mile, Lownds seemed disinclined to travel at that rate, and made some effort to beckon to the Governor to pull to, which entreaty his Excellency yielded to, and both came home safe. Butler is certainly a race horse, in any crowd, and Lownds will be a troublesome customer in a two mile run.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse $——, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Mr. Duncan's b. h. *Chesapeake*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 5 yrs	1	1
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. Butler's b. c. *Mint Julep*, by Godolphin, out of Isora by Dockon, 4 yrs	4	dist.
Mr. Colhoun's b. f. *Compromise*, by Nullifyer, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs	3	dr.

Time, 3:49—3:48.

Chesapeake was the choice, and in fine condition. Compromise was by no means in order, being exceedingly fat and off her foot, as was evident from her race. Mint Julep was out of order for a two mile run, but Fanny Bailey came to the post without a murmur. At the hour, all appeared and toed the scratch, and, at the tap of the drum, off they went, at a rate seldom witnessed in these parts; Chesapeake leading the van, Mint Julep next, Fanny Bailey and Compromise a little in the rear. After the first mile, Fanny, finding things not going to suit her, commenced cutting out the work at a new lick, which brought her close along with Chesapeake, and in that position they came home, in 3:49: In the second heat Fanny took the lead, closely followed by Chesapeake and Mint Julep. Compromise having been drawn. Fanny maintained her position in front for a mile and a half, when Chesapeake, losing all notions of gallantry, and disliking the dust, made a strong pull and gave her ladyship the go-by about a length and a half, and maintained his place throughout the race, although finely contested by Fanny, in 3:48—the best time ever made over this Course. Mint Julep, not expecting such a close fit, dropped on the wrong side of the Distance Judges' stand. Chesapeake and Fanny are both runners, which will be seen from their time; and Mint Julep made no mean effort to imitate the race horse.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse $——, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Elvira*, by Red Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Mr. Butler's Imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada (full sister to Augusta) by Woful, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Mr. Hartman's br. c. *Short John*, by Young Virginian, dam by Ajax, 3 yrs	3	dist.	
Mr. Williams' b. c. *Jefferson*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	4	dr	
Mr. Gist's b. c. *Fifer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:53—1:56½—2:00.

Bets were taken every way, but Ella was the crack. At the hour, they were brought to the line and toed the mark, and at the word, off they went, except Fifer, who seemed not to know or care what was to be done, as he went at a dull rate, and seemed disposed to call on the ginger-bread fraternity, which appeared to meet the approbation of his rider, and the Distance Judges, not knowing the cause of the delay, shut down on him. It is due Fifer to say, that he was rode with a large skirted saddle, to make the weight, and when the rider put out his feelers, he came in contact with the saddle skirts. I think he will redeem any loss of character sustained in the race, as he promises to be troublesome some day. Ella led off the dance, closely set to by Elvira—Short John and Jefferson not far behind, which position they maintained home, in 1:53. Jefferson, in making the half mile turn, ran upon the small end of a pole, about one and a half inches in diameter, which passed between the muscles and ribs, entering before the knee of the rider, and running almost to the point of the hip. The pole was said to be 20 feet long, which he carried for some distance, when it broke off, and he ran out with 15 inches fully buried in his side. He saved his distance with all his misfortunes, which is the highest evidence of his being a fine colt. It was thought, by some of the knowing ones, that he would have won the race but for the accident.

Ella, Elvira and Short John appeared at the call. They were off, except John, who got a bad start, as he was 30 or 40 yards behind on the first turn, and the Distance Judges not knowing but he had a fair shake of the line, pronounced him a little too late. Elvira took the lead—Ella made a dead set at her on the back stretch, which brought her along side, but could not give her the go-by, Elvira winning the heat by a few feet, in 1:56½.

Elvira took the third heat, but was kept at her work by Ella.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27—Purse $——, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Butler's br. c. *Mint Julep*, by Godolphin, out Isora by Dockon, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Mr. Gist's ch. m. *Thesbe*, by old Bertrand, out of Octavia, 5 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56—1.56½.

There were but few bets. Offers were in favor of the mare. At the word they were off, at a good lick, Julep taking the lead. Thesbe exhibited a wish to change the front, which was strongly opposed by Julia, as he was seen to shy off at her approach, which showed some want of gallantry. The other two heats were taken by Julep, although strongly contested by Thesby.

SATURDAY, Oct 28—A Silver Cup, value ——, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Mr. Butler's (Capt. Maxwell's) b. f. *Alatoona*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Mr. Colhoun's b. f. *Campromise*, by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs. (11 lbs. over weight)	2	2	2
Mr. Gant's Imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by ——, dam ——, 3 yrs	1	3	bolt.
Mr. Nichol's b. g. *Hardtimes*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Phenomenon, 6 yrs	fell		

Time, 1:54—1:57—2:01.

Hardtimes seemed among the favorites, as he had run over the same course rough, with 130 lbs., on a pull, in 1:57; but, from some cause, he fell soon after making the firs turn, which left the three ladies alone in thh field. Brittannia and Compromise cut out the work at a good lick, Alatoona laying up, and in that way they came home, Brittannia winning the heat by half a neck. The time between the heats having expired, they appeared and took their places. At the signal off they went, Compromise getting a very bad start. Brittannia and Alatoona led off the dance, and the imagination of all was put in action to know which of the ladies could cut out the work soonest. After passing the half mile, Compromise, although carrying 11 lbs. over weight, began to move up alongside of them, and when they straightened out on the quarter stretch, Alatoona was ahead, and came home in that order, beating Compromise by a neck—Brittannia close up. In the third heat, from some cause Brittannia ran out on the first turn and threw her rider.—Alatoona and Compromise had the field to themselves, which heat was taken by the former by a few feet. The winner in this race and Chestatee are sisters.

The Course was numerously attended each day, and the scene closed in the best possible spirit, no serious accident having occurred during the week to mar the festivities of the occasion. BY THE SECRETARY.

We are most happy to be able to add to the above report that the Greenville Club was never in a more flourishing condition, having obtained an accession of thirty or forty subscribers during the meeting.

In the "Greenville Mountaineer," we find the following notice of the severe accident to Young Hedgeford, communicated to that paper.

Young Hedgeford.

This colt of Col. JNO. D. WILLIAMS', is certainly one of the most promising that has appeared on the Greenville Course.—In decidedly bad order, he entered for the mile heats against very superior horses—Gov. BUTLER's imp. filly Ella, Mr. SMITH's Elvira, that had plucked a feather from the plume of Chesapeake, Mr. GEROW's colt by Monmouth Eclipse, and Mr. DUNCAN's colt. Ella was clearly the favorite of the crowd; but a few had misgivings, when the stamina of Hedgeford was examined. After running the half mile, when his game and power was about to *tell*, he unfortunately ran against the pole and received a desperate wound. The point of the pole entered just under the saddle, and after the first heat, a part of it, fifteen inches long, and at least 1½ inches in diameter, was extricated from between the ribs and skin; yet, after running half a mile, no doubt suffering extreme agony, he was not beaten more than thirty yards. Mr. Marshall Smith, with the frankness of a gentleman does admit, that had no accident happened, Young Hedgeford would have beaten his mare Elvira, the successful competitor. This is not the suggestion of interest, but merely the just tribute of what an entirely disinterested person thinks due to a very fine, but unfortunate colt. T.

OXFORD (N. C.) FALL RACES.

The races over the Oxford Course opened on Tuesday Oct. 22, with all the animation and spirit which the energetic and untiring efforts of our zealous proprietor usually infuses into all his sporting undertakings. For several days previous to the meeting, the stables of horses were coming, finally amounting to seven, each well filled, giving us only an idea of the sport we were to have, and did have. The absence of our proprietor for a time previous to the race, and the mistake in advertising, prevented the Sweepstakes from filling; but for his ever successful efforts, our sport for two days might have failed. Our sports began as follows:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes (opened the night previous) for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, P.P. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's ch. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Monsieur Tonson	1	1
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Windham*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Gracchus	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:58.

This race for the first mile produced some excitement, the chesnut leading Grey Momus for three quarters of a mile, and the favorite at large odds; yet in a twinkling the grey shewed himself a true race-horse, passed the chesnut, and won with ease.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at $25 each, with $50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

John McCloud's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	3	1	1
David McDaniel's b. f. by Imp. Whale, dam by Buzzard Arabian, 3 yrs	2	3	2
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Sir Charles, 3 y.	1	2	dist.
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Anky*, by Andrew, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs	4		dist.

Time, 1:54 1:56—2:00.

The two three year olds made all the running the first heat, each contending for the track the first three quarters of a mile, alternately passing each other. The sorrel at last obtained the lead, and won the heat, the bay close up, and the two four year olds showing their superior knowledge by dropping within their distance.

They all came up for the second heat, the three year olds each putting at little Vic, who was driven the first half mile by the Whale filly, who in turn gave way to the sorrel colt to do his half; but she convinced them it would never do to fight one another, and revenge themselves by fighting her, for she kept the lead under a pull, and won the heat, the sorrel colt second, the Whale filly dropping within her distance, and Anky distanced.

They are brought up for the third heat, and it is evident that Victoria is to be the winner, yet various bets were made on the three year olds, and great sport was given us by this heat. Victoria took the track, and led them all the way; the three year olds could have been covered with a blanket for more than half a mile, when the Whale filly left the colt to take care of himself, and went up to Victoria, but she had no idea of the company of one who had done her no good in the race, and therefore left her, to come to the stand a winner by a length or two, the colt distanced.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Edmund Townes' ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.	6	1	1
Geo. W Goodwin's ch. c. *Cashier*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	5	0	2
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	0	3
Messrs. Wall & Puyrear's ch. h. by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	2	dr
John McCloud's b. m. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	3	3	dr
Mr. Rainey's ch. h. *Harkaway*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs	4		dr

Time, 3:56—3:57—4:05.

The number and reputed worth of the entries for to-day's race created much excitement amongst the knowing ones, and great were the speculations as to the winner. Suffolk was the favorite against any named horse; he and Mistake vs. the field were freely offered, but few takers. Brocklesby's late race with Suffolk told so badly that he was little expected to make a beautiful and game race of it to-day. They all six came to the stand, pawing and champing their bits, each anxious for the contest. The word is given, and off they go, Wall & Puryear's entry leading the way, the rest going easily on, not caring much who should first make a brush at the leader. Suffolk, who had been trailing, went up in the last half mile, locked the leader, and on they go at a killing pace to the stand, the Eclipse horse beaten by a length or more.

Now the scene changes, the winner of this heat not at all distressed; so say the knowing ones, and such hedging of money you have not seen; they back him vs. the field at odds, each one trying to save himself. Harkaway is drawn; it is believed Suffolk has run too hard for a second contest—Brocklesby and Mistake are the dependence of the fielders, and they indeed are not *mistaken*. They come up all fresh and bright. Off they go, Mistake trying her hand at the onset, but 'tis no go with her—the Eclipse horse is hard in hand—for a mile and a half he leads—now the jockey on Brocklesby begins to give him whip and spur, from which he endeavored to get along, for at every crack he inches on, until near locking the foremost, when the jockey finding the good of his "irons," uses them well at each stride; the tail of Brocklesby is curled, and he closes up till they lock. All is stillness and breathless excitement: they go along, and keep going, giving for a moment one of the most interesting races ever before witnessed; but suddenly the Eclipse horse fails, and Brocklesby comes home a winner by several lengths.

It is now discovered that the Eclipse has let down; he is led off the track, and Mistake is drawn. Three only remain for the contest; doubts still exist which is to lose, for the order of betting is entirely changed. They come to the stand for the third time—the word is given, and off they go, when, to the astonishment of all, Suffolk took the lead for a mile and a half, hard in hand, Brocklesby second, Cashier third. The trainer of Brocklesby, as the horse passes him on the back stretch, lets him feel his heavy whip—he finds what he is to do—runs up—passes Suffolk, and comes home a winner of the heat. Cashier has followed suit, and comes in second; Suffolk evidently was not himself. The track was too heavy the week previous for his trainer to exercise him sufficiently to run against so game and fast a nag as Brocklesby has proved to be.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Messrs. Wall & Puyrear's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs	1	1	
David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, Jr., out of Betsey Baker, by Sir Charles, – yrs	2	2	

Time, 6:02—6:02.

This race produced much excitement previous to starting, this being the third trial they had had during the Fall; but never before had old Sam the pleasure of gallanting the Lady without help. She permitted him to do it very handsomely for two miles and a quarter, after which she left him to scuffle for himself. The second heat was taken by the mare in the same way. Old Sam is a dead game horse, and with help, can beat the world three miles, and yet the mare is of herself enough for any horse the same distance.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Handicap Purse $100, entrance $10, free for all ages; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	1	1	1
Mr. Rainey's ch h. *Harkaway*, " " 6 yrs	1	1	2	2	dr

Time, 1:54—1:53—1:56—2:00.

This was, for three heats, the best contested race of the week, both running hard and very close together all the way. Nothing but the dead game of Suffolk gave him the purse, and he got the race without anything to brag of, from old Harkaway, a very superior mile horse when right.

M. SATTERWHITE, Sec'y.

BEAN'S STATION (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

We attended the races at the above place, and considering the extreme heaviness of the track, we witnessed some "tall walking," which will prove to the lovers of the turf elsewhere, that we have nags in E. Tenn. which are not to be trifled with.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Five subs. at $200 each, $50 ft. One mile.

Col. S. Bunch's ch. f. *Kate Shelby*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shelby by Stockholder, out of Patty Puff	1
Capt. J. Scrugg's ch. c. by Molo, dam by Saladin	2

Time, 2:03.

Kate was the favorite, and won by 40 yards, hard in hand.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse $125, ent. $25, for 2 yr. olds; One mile.

Capt. J. Scrugg's gr. f.	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffitt*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess	bolt.

Time not kept.

It is thought by the "knowing ones" that Minerva would have won the race with ease, if she had not bolted. She, intending to put the issue of the heat upon a brush, had just began to run, when she flew at the entrance of the last quarter stretch.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $275, Mile heats.

Col. S. Bunch's (John McGhee's) b. f. *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian	1	1
G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. *Livingston*, by Medley, dam by Van Tromp	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56.

First heat, Livingston had the track and led from the start; he kept the lead to the last quarter stretch, when Ann passed him, and came home ahead by three or four lengths, in 1:55.

Second heat, Livingston again took the lead, but, as before, Ann outfooted him on the back stretch, and won by 30 yards, in 1:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse $325, ent. $100, Two mile heats.

J. H. Anderson's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 3 yrs	1	1
Clark & Bowen's gr. c. *Lafitte*, by O'Kelly, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:02—4.00.

At the tap of the drum the grey took the track, and led for three-quarters of a mile, but at the last turn of the first mile, the bay passed and took the lead, coming in half a length ahead. Time, 4:02,—the first mile was run in 1:54, when the grey found it was "no go" with him so far as the heat was concerned.

Second heat, Lafitte as before led for a half mile, when the bay passed him and took the lead, coming home 30 yards ahead, with a great deal to spare. Time, 4:00. It is due to Lafitte to say that he flung off two of his plates in the last heat; he is a game colt. *Sir Elliott* has gone to Mississippi; they will be apt to find him a troublesome customer.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club (Handicap) Purse $75, ent. $50, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. *Livingston*, pedigree above	walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; Mile heats.

Col. S. Busch's ch. f. *Kate Shelby*, pedigree above. From J. Scruggs, Rutledge, Aynesworth, and others.	rec'd ft.

Kate will be apt to turn up a trump. She is large and likely.

Although the time on this track is not comparatively good—yet taking into consideration the slowness of the track (for we think it is much the slowest we know) together with its extreme heaviness; we think the time is at least respectable. A.M.T.

The following notice accompanied the above report, cut from some newspaper—we know not what.

BEAN'S STATION SCRUB RACES.

We must not omit this interesting portion of the details of the sports of the turf.

Bets were staked to the amount of $50, by two lovers of the sport, that one could produce an *uglier* nag than the other, and that after being tested on the score of ugliness by competent judges, one could beat the other over the course. All settled After learning that the two animals were on the field, we proceeded thither, and directly we got a view of one of them. He was called *par excellence* "Swayback;" and richly did he merit the appellation. He looked as if his head and shoulders had nothing to do with his latter end, (at least there was a great gulf between them) and we could liken him to nothing but a Camel-leopard or a Dromedary divided in twain. Placing a saddle upon him was an uphill business. It was difficult to make it approach within hailing distance of his withers, otherwise than by means of a girth around his chest; and his owner appeared full of confidence as he led him about the course exclaiming with triumph, "beat *that* fo' ugly." He was beaten,—but we must not anticipate.

The other soon made his appearance. He was a veteran Rosinante who had seen only 22 or 3 years hard service, now running Four mile heats and now being heated in the stage. He looked to our notion very much like the celebrated steed as shown in the old pictures, on which Don Quixote charged the windmill, and would have passed for a tolerable beginning, or frame-work of a horse. Amid cries of "I bet on the old un!"—"I go it on Swayback!"—Swayback will beat fo' ugly &c., &c., the judges held a grave consultation over the two, and the verdict was given by them in favor of the *old 'un—nem con.* Of course the owner of Swayback was compelled to fork over. He did it, we were sorry to observe with a bad grace, not wishing for compliments to his steed at the expense of his purse.

After some delay the two were brought to the stand; bets running two and three to one in favor of Swayback. The old 'un looked game, but as the owner could get no one to risk their necks on him, was obliged to mount himself, which, owing to difference of weight, added much to the chances of the *handsome one* (!) beating him. At the word "*go*" they both started; the old 'un jumping as though he intended to go entirely over the other, and after a few wicked leaps round the first quarter, the old 'un went ahead in a manner that seemed to astonish the natives, making Swayback's backers, look back; his rider clewing him up to keep him from going head on against the railing. On the stretch of the last quarter the handsome one passed him, much to the regret of all who had any reverence or regard for old age, and came in about two lengths ahead; a most interesting and well contested race. Time not noted.

COLUMBUS (Ga.) FALL RACES.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Oct. 14, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The races over the Western Course, at this place, came off on Tuesday, the 8th inst. Dr. Walter Weems, President; J. Anderson Abercrombie, and Dr. Robt. W. Carnes, Vice Presidents; Sam M. Jackson, Esq., Col. Henry Kendal, Battle A. Sorsby, Esq., Dr. John W. Turner, Stewards; T. B. Howard, Esq., Col. John Crowell, Capt. Charles Abercrombie, Timers; R. T. Brice, Esq., Secretary.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $300 each, h. ft.; declaration $50, to be made 20 days before the meeting; Two mile heats.

Col. Jno Woolfolk's ch c *Casseta Chief*, by Andrew, dam by Wildair	1	1
Gen. T. B. Scott's (of Ala.) br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:03.

This was quite an interesting race; the others who had entered for the stake, declaring off and paying forfeit.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs. 3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	1	1
Judge A. Iverson's br. h. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs	2	2
Col. M. W. Thweatt's ch. f. *Silk Bugg*, by Timoleon, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs	3	dr

Time, 3.54—4:06.

The lovers of fine sport were feasted this day, though the course was not well attended, yet those who were present were well paid for their trouble. At the tap of the drum they all ran off in a cluster, remaining so to the half mile post, when Major Dade took up the contest, and locked Miss Mary, with all the roughness of his sex, and making truly an interesting race during the heat, between Miss Mary and the Major,—the Silk Bugg close up. The second heat, (Silk Bugg being withdrawn) the two remaining horses came to the stand, fully cooled off, and went off in style, Mary Elizabeth leading, but was soon passed by the Major, which position he maintained for some time, but was at length passed by the filly, she running the heat in 4:06. Thus ended an interesting race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Judge A Iverson's ch. h. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	1		
Gen. T. B. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2		
Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3	dist.		
Maj. M. W. Thweatt's ch. c. *Humbolt*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	*			

Time, 5:56—6:00. * Broke down.

Maj. Thweatt's Humbolt was distanced, owing to the mishap which befel him, whilst running the first heat: splitting his fore foot hoof, and coming out dead lame.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Casseta Chief*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Col Owen Thomas' ch. c. *Attakapas*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, – yrs., (carried 4lbs. over weight)	1	2	

Time, 8:14 - 8:44—9:32.

Owing to the casuality that befel most of our Four mile horses, namely, Count Kaldiva and others, the proprietors of the course were compelled to make the best shift that could be made; by consent of all parties, the ch. c. Casseta Chief, the winner of the Sweepstakes on the first day, and Attakapas, the winner of the Two mile race last Spring on this track, were entered; at the time neither was conceived to be in good two mile condition, they having been in training only about 5 or 6 weeks. At the tap of the drum they went off in a hand gallop, putting the heat upon a brush, which position they kept, terminating the heats in 8:14—8:44—9.32.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $300, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Messrs. Williams & Fort's ch. h. *Wire Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin	2	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:53.

The sport would have been better, but the condition of our monied institutions, precludes the possibility of obtaining the one thing needful for pleasure or luxury Yet upon the whole we have but little to complain of; and in the prospect of an improvement as the campaign advances, you may hear from me in the Spring. Yours truly, RICHARD T. BRICE, Sec'y.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) FALL RACES.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 29, 1839.

Mr. P.—We have had some rare sport here, in the way of racing, during the last week. The first Fall Meeting over the Phœnix Course, three miles from our city, took place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. There were a large number of horses in attendance from all parts of the country, and amongst them were some who had the "go along" in them to a "dot." *Champaign, Reindeer, Yorkshire Lass*, and *Culpepper* were in the train; the first three running on the three mile day, and making the best time ever known in Western New York. Mr. ROBBINS was here from Monmouth, New Jersey, with some "good 'uns," but not exactly up to the mark with either of the horses named above, as his *Matty Van Buren* was beaten with ease by *Culpepper*, two mile heats.

The sport commenced on Thursday morning, with a Trotting Purse, two mile heats, for which three horses were entered:—

C. Hart's (of Buffalo) *Lady Kingman*, E. Halburt's (of Buffalo) *Big Western*, and J. R. Parker's (of Rochester) *Oseola*. Time, 5:10.

The little mare is a game nag, and we think can "put up" any horse in the country, with the exception of *Dutchman, Awful*, and the *Ice Poney*. She went her first mile, as we are told by a gentleman upon whom we can rely, in 2:33. That's what *we* call flying.

In the afternoon four horses started for the running purse, two mile heats: *Culpepper, Van Buren, Wallace*, and *Young Dashall;* Culpepper taking the two heats in 3:58.

On the second day great sport was anticipated, as it was known that Reindeer, by Henry, out of Sport's-mistress by Hickory—Champaign, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, and the Yorkshire Lass were to run for the three mile purse. Reindeer was the favorite at odds, but there were some knowing ones in the crowd who backed Champaign freely, as he had beaten *Tom Moore* on the Union Course, Long Island. At the hour for starting, the three were called to the stand. Reindeer having the track. At the word they all went off together, Reindeer and the "little grey" making the run from the start. The mare made two or three dashes, but found it "no go," and left the two horses to cut out the work to suit. The heat was taken by Reindeer by about two lengths, time 5:58.

Reindeer was now freely backed at four to one by his friend, but there were but few takers, as he was known to be unflinching in his game, and had won in many a hard fought field. The friends of the little grey were still sanguine. After drying, they were all started for the second heat At it they went, whip and spur, going from the start at a killing pace. On the third mile Champaign, after a severe brush, passed Reindeer, and won the heat by full four lengths, the mare coming in second. Time, 5:52.

On their being called to the stand for the third heat, it was evident that Reindeer had done his best, as he did not dry well. The "little gray" and the mare looked fresh. After one false start they went off together, Reindeer taking the lead, with Champaign and the Yorkshire Lass close in waiting. On the third round the mare collared the old horse, and passed; again he rallied and took the lead, when the little gray came up and had it all his own way, beating them both about two lengths; time, 5:55.

On Saturday a stake purse was run for by Culpepper and Yorkshire Lass, mile heats, best 3 in 5. The horse took the two first heats, and the mare the three last. The last mile was done by the mare in 1:52.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, Oct 1st.

The commencement of this meeting was indicative of success in every essential feature: the weather was fine, and almost unseasonably mild, the list teeming with sport, and the influx of fashionable company larger than usual in the first of the three racing weeks—an improvement attributable in some measure to the discontinuance of the Heaton Park Meeting, and the failure of that recently substituted for it at Liverpool. The spirit of improvement (short-lived in respect to sport), we are happy to state, has not rested here: the inhabitants, besides placing upwards of £250 at the disposal of the Jockey Club, have "carried on the running" with such vigor, that instead of two or three miserable lamps at the principal hotels, the main street and most of the shops are nightly "flaring up" with gas! (better late than never). A few lights are necessary in the by streets, and these, we doubt not, will be laid down forthwith. We congratulate the town on its efforts to "go ahead," and heartily wish they may prosper.

The following list of the company will serve to introduce the first day's racing:—Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Exeter, Earls Verulam and Jersey; Lords G. Bentinck, Godolphin, S. Osborne, Lynedoch, John Fitzroy, C. Manners; Hons. General Grosvenor, G. Anson, G. Byng, G. Fitzroy, H. Rous, General Upton; Sirs C. Watson and J. Shelley; Colonel Peel; Messrs. Greville, Thornhill, Payne, Thornhill, jun, Worrall, Neville, Gardnor, Hawker, Portman, Elwes, S. Stanley, Etwall, Bayly, Barnard, Goddard, Crommelin, Irby, Newton, Newton, jun., Batson, &c.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for three year olds and upwards; T. Y. C.; six subs.

Lord Tavistock's *All-Fours*, 3 yrs, 8st	E. Edwards	1
Mr. Wilson's Louisa, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Chapple	2
Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	J. Day	3
Lord Exeter's Corban, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	Darling	0
Lord Lynedoch's Retamosa, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Wakefield	0
Col. Peel's I-am-not aware, 4 yrs, 7st	Pavis	0

Betting—5 to 2 against All-fours, 3 to 1 against St. Peray, 4 to 1 against Corban, and 4 to 1 against I-am-not-aware. Louisa made running, followed by St. Peray for nearly half the distance, when she changed places with the horse, All-fours at the same time reaching their quarters; the race was left to these three, who ran wide, but nearly abreast, half way up the cords, where All-fours obtained a slight advantage, which he kept to the end, and won by half a length; St. Peray was beaten nearly a length from the mare, I am-not-aware fourth, and, as well as Corban and Retamosa, beaten off. There were three or four false starts.

The Buckenham Produce Stakes of 300 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; T.Y.C., one to the post; five subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Glencoe, out of Margellina	J. Day	1
Col. Peel's b. c. St. Swithin, by Velocipede or St. Nicholas, out of Fille de Joie	Pavis	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on the Margellina colt, which made all the play, was never caught, and won easy by a length.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs each, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; A.F.; 19 subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Euclid*, by Emilius, out of Maria	Conelly	0	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Æther, by St. Patrick—Pastille	J. Day	0	2
Lord Exeter's c Bosphorus, by Reveller—Marmora	Darling	3	
Mr. Thornhill's c. Ephemeron, by Emelius, out of Mercy	Pettit	4	

Betting—5 and 6 to 1 on Mr. Thornhill's two, 7 to 1 against Æther, and 10 to 1 against Bosphorus. Mr. Thornhill declared to win with Ephemeron, who started with the lead at a wretched pace, with Bosphorus in company, Euclid and Æther following with waiting orders. At the bushes, Ephemeron, as the lawyers say, "made default," and with his worthy companion, Bosphorus, retired from the contest. Euclid immediately took up the running at a good bat, Æther following in his track, pulling hard, and "ready to run over him;" on rising the hill to finish he went up, and a beautiful race to the chair ended so closely that the Judge pronounced it a dead heat. For a short time after Æther had a slight call, but when the betting commenced in earnest, after the Hopeful Stakes, Euclid was the favorite, beginning at 5 and 6 to 4, and ending at 2 to 1. From what we have stated of the first race, it will be seen that there was no pace till the horses had passed the bushes; as this alone, in the opinion of Mr Thornhill's party, prevented Euclid winning, it was determined to run the next heat differently; accordingly Euclid went away with the lead at a remarkably true good pace, which he maintained steadily to the end, and, without ever being caught, won cleverly by a length—Æther was beaten as soon as he faced the hill. This is the third time this year that Mr. Thornhill's horses have run dead heats—the first was in the July Meeting, in the match between Merganser and Morella, and the second at Doncaster, between Euclid and Charles the Twelfth, for the St. Leger.

The Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovs each, h. ft. for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes to carry 6lb, if both 9lb extra; the winner of any other sweepstakes or plate to carry 3lb extra; those got by Arabians, or out of Arabian mares, allowed 5lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; last half mile of the Ab. M.; 29 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Carmelite's dam (9lb extra)	J. Day, jun	1
Lord Lynedoch's b. c. Jeffy, by Jerry, out of Mandane (3lb extra)	Stephenson	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede—Mantilla	J. Day	3
Lord Exeter's c. Raymond, by Mulatto, out of Agnes	Darling	0
Lord Exeter's br. c. Hellespont, by Reveller, out of Marmora	Pettit	0
Lord Lichfield's Firefly, sister to Phosphorus	Wakefield	0
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire	Nat	0
Mr. Rayner's br. f. Ten-pound-note, by Augustus or Taurus, dam by Centaur (3lb extra)	Robinson	0
Col. Peel's b. f. by The Colonel—Mary Ann (Vivian's dam)	Pavis	0
Mr. Watt's b. f. Sister to Cara, by Belshazzar	Conelly	0

Betting—5 to 2 (after four or five false starts 2 to 1, taken) on Crucifix, 7 to 1 against Jeffy, 8 to 1 against Perseus, and 8 to 1 against Ten-pound-note, but scarcely any thing done except on the favorite. Lord G. Bentinck declared to win with Capote. On several occasions we have had to record events unfavorable to the continuance of half-mile two-year-old races, which, what with the impatience of the horses and the anxiety of their riders to get off well, almost invariably produce false starts, with the certain effect of irritating, perhaps destroying, the tempers, without affording a fair criterion of the merits, of the competitors. The Chesterfield Stakes in the July Meeting was a case in point—the race now under notice was a still more decided one, seventeen regular false starts, besides several minor failures, having worn out the patience of horses, jockeys, and spectators, and caused a delay of upwards of an hour.—We heard one noble lord express his determination not to subscribe again to any race for so short a distance. The first three or four false starts were occasioned by Crucifix and Raymond; the mare, however, recovered her temper, and was kept perfectly steady in all the subsequent ones: Raymond "went on," and, after three or four had taken place, found an able coadjutor in Ten-pound-note, who hardened at every fresh attempt, and caused most of those that followed. A few minutes before five o'clock a successful but still irregular start was effected, Raymond keeping up the game to the end of the chapter; nor did Crucifix get off so well as is desirable in such short "touch and go" affairs. Ten-pound-note, to make some amends for her perversness, was first away, with Sister to Clara, Firefly, Jeffy, Perseus, and one or two others, at her side, and in this order they ran nearly half the distance; Crucifix then took up the running, followed by Jeffy, Col. Peel's filly, and Capote, Ten-pound-note still lying forward; the favorite retained the lead to the end, and won easy by a length, but the struggle for places behind her was tolerably animated, Jeffy beating Capote for the second by half a length; Col Peel's filley and Ten pound-note were next, both well up; nor can any thing be said to have been fairly beaten except Raymond, who started badly and never caught his horses; Perseus, we believe, was at the fag-end of the ruck. This is the fifth race in which Crucifix has proved successful; the other four are the July Stakes, the Chesterfield Stakes (9lb extra), the Levant Stakes (5lb extra), and the Molecomb Stakes (7lb extra); each won in a canter.

Sweepstakes of 150 sovs each, h. ft, for foals of 1837; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb, bona fide their own property at the time of naming; T.Y.C.; 6 subs.

Lord Tavistock's f. by Glencoe, out of Frolicksome ..... walked over

Col. Peel's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Electress, withdrew his stake; Lord Tavistock and Col. Peel divided the forfeits.

The Derby betting was so flat as barely to afford a quotation; the following bets, made previous to the Hopeful, were all that we heard:—

1500 to 100 agst Muley Ishmael (taken and afterwards offered)
9000 to 300 —— Perseus (taken—30 to 1 aftewards offered)
1000 to 30 —— Crazy Boy (taken)
1000 to 30 —— Sis. to Cactus colt (taken)
2500 to 100 —— Sir G. Heathcote's lot (taken)
35 to 1 —— Margelline colt (taken)
4000 to 100 —— Wild Duck (betted at the rooms)

OAKS.

350 to 100 agst Crucifix (taken)

CÆSAREWITCH STAKES.

Six were backed agst the field on Monday night.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2.

The following Derby bets were made previous to the races:—

1500 to 100 Muley Ishmael (tk)
25 to 1 —— Glenorchy (tk twice)
3000 to 90 —— Reindeer (taken)
1000 to 20 agst Wild Duck (tk)
1400 to 100 —— Bro. to Euclid and Reindeer (taken)

200 was laid on Wild Duck agst each of fifteen, and 1400 to 800 offered on Muley Ishmael agst Glenorchy. 30 to 1 was laid agst. each of the following in one bet: Bro. to Euclid, Bro. to Melbourne, and c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam.

Our duties on the heath were light enough: the Plate was a walk over—neither of the handicaps filled—and the St. Leger was, literally, *the* race of the day. It came off as follows:—

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs each, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; D.I.; 14 subs.

Duke of Grafton's *Montreal*, by Langar—Legend	Stephenson	1
Duke of Grafton's Æther, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille	J. Day	2
Mr. Watts' Cara, by Belshazzar, out of Fanchon	Conelly	3
Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus—Flame's dam	Robinson	4
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, out of Marmora	Darling	5
Mr. Forth's Top-gallant, by Taurus, out of Tontine	Crouch	6

The betting in the town was brisk, 6 to 4 against Cara, 2 to 1 against Montreal, and 5 to 2 against Flambeau, who was backed for a considerable sum.—On the heath the closing prices were 6 to 4 against Montreal, 7 to 4 against Cara, 7 to 4 against Flambeau; immediately before starting 10 to 6 were offered against Montreal, with whom the Duke of Grafton declared to win. Cara jumped off in front, but was immediately passed by Æther and Montreal, the former leading; Flambeau and Clara followed these two, with Bosphorus between them, Top-gallant lying in the rear, a position he was never able to improve. The race wss run in this way to the turn of the lands, where the five closed and lived in company for a few strides; Bosphorus then gave way, and Montreal took up the running, Æther and Flambeau following him, with Cara in a tolerably good place; at the Duke's Stand Flambeau's chance was extinguished, and Cara headed him, but at the ropes was so unequivocally beaten that Conelly stopped her, leavng Montreal to win by half a length. Long intervals separated the others. The pace was very fair for the distance.

Fifty Pounds, for three year olds 7st 5lb, four 8st 8lb, five 8st 13lb, six and aged 9st; D I.

Mr. Thornhill's *Mendizabel*, 6 yrs ..... walked over

The following were the only Derby bets we heard made after the races:—

28 to 1 agst Perseus (taken)
30 to 1 —— Angelica colt (taken)
33 to 1 agst Lady Sarah colt (tk)
4000 to 100 —— Wild Duck (tk)

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.

The races this afternoon were confined to the Queen's and Town Plates, and the Rutland Stakes, Bloomsbury having paid to The Corsair for the Post Sweepstakes; and Crucifix walked over for the forfeits in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each. The sport, therefore, was wanting both in quantity and interest, and only one afforded any thing like a race; the company, however, was tolerably numerous, and the weather delightful.

The Town Plate of 50 sovs.; for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; D.I.

Mr. Thornhill's *Euclid*	Conelly	1
Mr. Robinson's c. by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam	Robinson	2

10 to 1 was offered on Euclid, but no one was bold enough to nibble. The Buzzard colt cantered in front for a quarter of a mile, and was then passed by Euclid, who made no improvement in the pace till he reached the turn of the lands, where he got into strong running, had it all his own way, and won by three lengths.

The Rutland Stakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 3lb, from the turn of the lands in; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes to carry 7lb extra; all other winners previously to the day of running, to carry 3lb extra; 12 subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Glencoe, out of Margellina (3lb extra)	W. Day	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Currency, sister to Courier	Day	2
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Elphine, by Emilius, out of Variation	Conelly	3
Lord Exeter's c. Stamboul, by Reveller—Galata (3lb extra)	Darling	4
Lord Exeter's c. Raymond, by Mulatto, out of Agnes	Nat	5
Lord Lichfield's Firefly, sister to Phosphorus	Wakefield	6

Several hundreds were laid on Currency at evens, at the J. C. dinner, on Wednesday evening; she opened this morning with a decided call of the field, and rose so rapidly that before the ring at the coffee-room was broken up, 6 to 4 was laid on her, the Margellina colt having but a small party; before starting the 6 to 4 was taken, and 2 to 1 offered against Margellina (take 5 to 2); 20 to 1 was offered against Lord Exeter's two. Margellina made the running, followed by Currency, the others lying with her to the Duke's stand, where they were all fairly beaten. Currency now put her head in front, kept it there a few strides, was repassed by Margellina, and beaten by a length; the colt hung towards the mare in the run up the cords, and was kept off her with some difficulty. Elphine beat Stamboul for third place by about a neck, two or three lengths separating them from Currency; the other two were several lengths behind.

The Queen's Plate of 100gs; three year olds 9st 2lb, four 10st 7lb, five 11st, six and aged 11st 4lb; R.C.

Mr. W. Scott's *Fame*, 3 yrs	Nat	1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, 6 yrs	Conelly	2
Lord Exeter's Alemdar, 4 yrs	Darling	3
Mr. Worrall's Antler, 3 yrs	Rogers	4
Mr. Corbet's Jenny Jones, 3 yrs	Mann	5

Betting: 5 to 4 on Mendizabel, 5 to 1 against Antler (tk), 5 to 1 against Jenny Jones. The winner not mentioned. Alemdar took the lead at a very slow pace to the dip, where he mended it, Mendizabel lying second, Antler third, Fame fourth, and Jenny Jones last. They kept in this order to the barn near Choke Jade, where Jenny Jones, "willy nilly," took up the running, followed by Alemdar, to the corner of the plantation; from this point to the end, Mendizabel and Fame ran together, the horse having a slight lead, till they were landed at the top of the hill, when the mare challenged, and after a desperate struggle, won by a neck. Alemdar was a good third, but the others were beaten off.

Post Sweepstakes of 300 sovs each, P P.; colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; R.M.; to bring one to the post; three subs.

Lord Lichfield's *The Corsair* ..... walked over

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft.; T.Y.C.; 4 subs.

Lord George Bentinck's *Crucifix*, 8st 7lb ..... walked over

Proteus was in at 8st 10lb; f. by the Colonel, out of Mary Anne, at 8st 7lb; and f. by Mulatto, out of Lunacy, at 8st 7lb.

DERBY BETTING.

15 to 1 agst Muley Ishmael (tk)
25 to 1 —— St. Andrew (tk to £100)
25 to 1 —— Bro to Euclid (ditto)
25 to 1 —— Lady Sarah (tk)
28 to 1 agst Perseus (tk)
40 to 1 —— Sister to Cactus (tk)
40 to 1 —— Wild Duck (tk to £100)

OAKS.

1,200 to 100 agst Currency (tk)

The above were the odds previous to the Rutland Stakes; we afterwards saw 30 to 1 taken about the Margellina colt, and 40 to 1 about Perseus.

CRICKETING.

SUSSEX AND ALL ENGLAND.

The grand match between the County of Sussex, with A. Mynn, Esq., and England, commenced on Monday, in Brown's grounds, Brighton. Owing to the showers in the early part of the morning, the ground was in a very bad condition, so that both bowler and batter had much difficulty in keeping a footing. It was originally intended that Pilch was to play on the part of Sussex, but he having received a hurt in the shoulder in the late match, Mr. A. Mynn was substituted for him, and Redgate supplied Mr Mynn's place on the England side Sussex, having won the toss, put in Lillywhite and Millyard; the former kept up his wicket, and batted extremely well, and Taylor, of North Chapel (his first appearance at Brighton this season), proved an able coadjutor. Mr. Mynn was very unfortunate, for, after scoring only one, he was caught by Sewell at the slip. Mr. Taylor was also very unlucky, Hillyer bowling him out without a run. Box played well while he was in, but he was soon run out. When the bell rang for dinner the last two players of Sussex were in, and on resuming the match, they added four to the score, when Redgate lowered Dean's wicket, and Hawkins carried out his bat, the innings amounting to 63. England commenced their innings a little before four o'clock, with Stearman and Hillyer, two Kentish players, Lillywhite bowling the first four, and Mr. Mynn taking his station at the opposite wicket. The men of Kent seemed perfectly at home with Mr. Mynn's balls; they had obtained nine when Lillywhite lowered Hillyer's stumps. Guy then joined Stearman, and contented himself at first with quietly stopping the balls. Shortly afterwards Stearman was run out; it was a very nice point for the umpire, and the dexterity of Box was much applauded. Wenman followed, and had scarcely taken his station at the wicket before he stepped in, and hit a ball with much force towards the bowler. Lillywhite missed it; but in deed it would have been an extraordinary catch if it had been accomplished Guy and Wenman continued to play steadily, and at length produced a change of bowlers, Dean being put on at Lillywhite's wicket. When the wickets were struck for the night, England had lost six wickets, and headed Sussex by three runs. On Tuesday the rain poured in torrents all day, and the game was not proceeded with. On Wednesday it was resumed at twenty minutes before one, copious showers having prevented the players from beginning earlier. Guy made a splendid innings, having obtained 65; Wenman also batted well, marking 21, and shortly after four o'clock the innings closed with a score of 152, being 89 in advance of Sussex. Hawkins and Napper then went in on the part of Sussex; the latter kept his wicket at least three quarters of an hour, when he was bowled by Hillyer, after scoring only four. Hawkins was joined by Taylor, of North Chapel, and the play of these two young men was beyond all praise, particularly that of Hawkins, who ran up the score at a rapid rate, and succeeded in producing a great change in the aspect of the game; for at the close of the day's play Sussex had wiped off 54 runs, with the loss of only one wicket. On Thursday Sussex resumed their second innings, and 119 were added to their score before the final wicket was lowered. England had now to go in for 31 runs to win, which were obtained by half-past five o'clock, with the loss of four wickets.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, the game was played with unabated zeal and spirit. The chief objects of attraction were the splendid use of the bat by Guy, Taylor, and Hawkins, and the more than usually efficacious bowling of Hillyer. As a long stop Mr. Kynaston shone most brilliantly, and was universally admired and applauded. Out of nine byes seven were beyond his control, having hit the strikers' pads, and deviated in consequence in a line perfectly impossible to be guarded against by this gentleman, or any other that might have been appointed to this important post.

The following is the score:—

SUSSEX.	1st inn.			2d do.
Lillywhite, bowled by Whittaker	14	....	c. by Wenman, b. by Hillyer	0
Millyard, c. by Hillyer, b. by Redgate	3	....	st. by ditto, b. by ditto	10
Taylor, c. by Mills, b by Hillyer	10	....	bowled by ditto	40
G. Langdon, Esq., bowled by ditto	4	....	bowled by Redgate	3
A. Mynn, Esq, c. by Sewell, b. by ditto	1	....	bowled by ditto	3
Box, run out	7	....	bowled by Hillyer	0
C. Taylor, Esq., bowled by ditto	0	....	st. by Wenman, b. by ditto	
E. Napper, Esq., bowled by ditto	0	....	bowled by ditto	
Mr. Barton, bowled by Redgate	7	....	absent	
Hawkins, not out	4	....	bowled by Hillyer	33
Dean, bowled by Redgate	2	....	not out	0
Byes 7, wide balls 4	11		Byes 2, wide balls 10	12
Total	—63		Total	—119

ENGLAND.	1st inn.			2d do
Stearman, run out	5	....	not out	12
Hillyer, bowled by Lillywhite	4	....		
Guy, bowled by Mynn	65	....		
Wenman, c. by Napper, b. by Lillywhite	21	....		
R. Kynaston, Esq., b. by Mynn	0	....	bowled by Lillywhite	3
Redgate, caught by Box, b. by Mynn	9	....		
W. Mynn, Esq., bowled by Napper	0	....	bowled by Mynn	2
Cobbett, bowled by Lillywhite	8	....		
Sewell, st. by Box, b. by Lillywhite	8	....		
Mills, bowled by Mynn	7	....	bowled by Lillywhite	2
C. Whittaker, Esq., not out	2	....	bowled by Mynn	10
Byes 5, wide balls 18	23		Bye 1, wide ball 1	2
Total	152		Total	—31

England won by 6 wickets.

SALES OF STOCK.

We gave from the London Daily papers, received by the Liverpool, many sales of blood Stock which were made at Doncaster during the races, but, the following being more complete, we publish them from "Bell's Life in London" of the 22d Sept.:—

BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

MR. WALKER'S YEARLINGS.

Giaour, ch. c. by Sultan, out of Pauline; in the Derby	710gs
Linby, b. c. by Langar, out of Cotillon; in the Derby	400
Escort, b. c. by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam; in the Derby	360
Mustapha, ch. c. by Sultan, out of Velocity (own sister to Velocipede, in the Derby	330
Kaiser, b. c. by Sultan, out of Francesca (own brother to Kremlin); in the Derby	270

MR. THOMSON'S YEARLINGS.

Bl. c. by Sheet Anchor, dam by Emilius, out of Brocard; in the Derby	265gs
Bl. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Valentia: in the Derby	210
B. y. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford; in the Derby	109
B. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Harriet; in the Derby	52
Ch. f. by Sir Hercules, out of Ulrica	33
B. c. by Langar, dam Miss Julia, by Partisan: in the Derby	115gs
B. c. by Langar, dam by Partisan, grandam, Emma, by Orville; in the Derby	80
Ch. f. by Muley, out of Rosalia; in the Oaks	71gs
B. f. by Voltaire, dam Annot Lyle; in the Oaks	40
The colt by Langar, dam by Partisan, f. out of Emigrant, and Escort, go to Mr. Dilly's stable at Littleton.	
Br. f. by Muley, out of Miss Orville, by Pendulum	40
B. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Lady Ern	30
Ch. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Rosanne (dam foaled in 1830); in the Oaks	25
Ch. f. by Peter Lely, out of Young Sweetpea (Tarick's dam); in the Oaks	25
Ch. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Young Mignonette	20
B. f. by Peter Lely, out of Bequest, by Election	18
Br. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Muley, out of Prima Donne's pam	18
B. c. 2 yrs., by Langar, dam by Partisan, grandam, Emma, by Orville	52gs
C. 4 yrs., by Philip the First, out of Princess	195
Romaika (Mr. Cook's), 3 yrs., by Rowton, out of Catharine	69
Brilliant, 5 yrs., by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam	25gs

BY MR. TILBURN.

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MR. RICHARDSON.

Ch. yearling c, by Laurel, out of Shoe horn	140gs
Ch. c., 2 yrs., by Langar, dam by Confederate	130
Ch. yearling filly, by Langar, dam by Confederate	100
Bl. filly, 2 yrs., by Mambrino, dam by Mulatto	24

THE PROPERTY OF MR. ATTWOOD.

Grey c., 2 yrs., by Alhassen, out of Fatality's dam	32gs
Ermina, Cleanthes dam, by the Grey Arabian, stinted to Stotforth	28
Ch. m., Argantes, out of Griselda, stinted to Ares	22
Clara Mowbray, by the Grey Arabian, dam by Paynator, stinted to Stotforth	19
Saturnia, gr. m., Avicenna's dam; stinted to Volney	18
Filly, 2 yrs., by Ariosto, out of Florimel, by the Grey Arabian	17
Isse, by the grey Arabian, out of Villosa; stinted to Clints	16
Vasantassena, 2 yrs., by San Martin, out of Primigena	12
Lady-De-Gros, b. m., by Young Phantom, d. by Cerberus—Miss Cranfield; covered by Velocipede	290
B. m., by Cerberus (the dam of Jenny Mills, Lady-de-Gros, Hornsea, Albemarle, &c. &c.); covered by Velocipede	210
Flighty, b m, by Young Phantom, her d. Diana; covered by Liverpool	200
Laura, ch. m., by Figaro; her dam Juliana, by Gohanna (the dam of Matilda, winner of the St. Leger); covered by Velocipede	115
Br. m., by Blacklock, her dam by Cerberus, out of Rosamund; covered by The Saddler	50
B. f., 3 yrs., by Sandbeck, dam by Blacklock	30
B. f. 2 yrs., by Brutandorf, out of Laura	30

THE PROPERTY OF MR. KING.

F., by Clinker, out of Miss Milner	60gs

THE PROPERTY OF MR. PIERSE.

Elizabeth, b. m	81
Yearling c	17
Yearling f	15
B. c., by Muley, out of Clare (the dam of Marpessa); in the Derby	285
Ch. c., by Peter Lely, out of Margrave's dam; in the Derby	170
B. c., by Peter Lely, out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam); in the Derby	160
Ch. c., by Muley, out of Prima Donna; in the Derby	150gs
B. c by Muley, dam by Orville, or Walton, out of Mussulman's dam; in the Derby	61
B. c, by Peter Lely, out of Camelina (sister to Camel); in the Derby	53
B. c., by Peter Lely, dam, Young Duchess	40
Ch. c., by Peter Lely, dam by Walton, out of Johannah Southcote	20

THE PROPERTY OF MR. FOLJAMBE.

B. g., 4 yrs., by Vanish	25gs
B. g., 4 yrs., by Bedlamite, out of Dromio's dam	45
B. h., 4 yrs., by Grey Wiganthorpe (by Figaro, out of Marciana)	40
Gr. c., 3 yrs., by Brutandorf, out of own sister to Don John's dam	60
Br. f., 3 yrs, by Mulatto, dam by Comus, out of Young Petuaria	31
B f., 3 yrs, by Mulatto, dam by Whisker, out of Young Petuaria	25
Bl. f., by The Saddler, out of Octavia (Mic Mac's dam)	20

YEARLINGS.

B. c., by Mundig, dam by Comus, out of Young Petuaria	gs
Ch. c., by Mundig, out of own sister to Don John's dam	

THE PROPERTY OF MR. VANSITTART.

Magawiska, by Whisker, out of Slight, by Selim—Pot8o's, &c.; covered by Tombov	110gs
B. m., 6 yrs., by St. Nicholas, dam by Abjer; covered by Wizard	52
Br. c., 2 yrs., by Starch, out of Darioletta	90
B. f., 2 yrs, by Starch, out of Magawiska	28
Bl. f., 1 yr., by Muley Moloch, out of Magawiska	46

THE PROPERTY OF LORD WORSLEY.

Manby, by Colossus, dam by Bucephalus, out of Vicissitude	29
B. f., 4 yrs., by Defence, out of sister to Romana	25

FROM JOHN SCOTT'S STABLE.

Erin-go-bragh, b. c., 3 yrs., by Emancipation—Cicely, sis. to Cain	300gs
Pandarus, br. y. c., own brother to Accelerator, by Velocipede	300
Swipes, br. y. c., by The Saddler or Marcian, out of Cyprian's dam	300
Lobella, r. f., 3 yrs., by Camel, out of Evens, by Walton	100
Kaleidoscope, b. f., 2 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Francesca	70
Gr. g., 5 yrs., by Young Phantom, out of an own sister to Chancellor	41
Traffic, b. y. c., by Hampton (son of Sultan), dam by Smolensko, out of Negociator's dam	

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
Columbia S. C.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Columbus, Miss.	Hyde Park Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
Galveston, Texas	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
Holly Springs, Miss.	North Mississippi Course, Fall Meeting, last Monday, Nov. 25th.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
Marianna, Fla.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Nashville, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, Nov. 13.
Natchez, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
Rochester, N. Y.	Second Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, Nov. 27.
Selma, Ala.	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.

DOINGS AT DONCASTER.

A copious report of the running at Doncaster has already appeared in this paper.

There are things connected with the great sporting events out of the province of a report—things to be remarked, not by one busied in beholding and recording the events as they come off, but by some one who has time to ascertain effects, and reflect upon their causes. There has been no lack of matter for speculation. Bloomsbury sank to 9 to 2 on Sunday night, it being only 5 to 4 against Charles. This looked ominous, especially considering who were the betters. Monday's doings require little remark. The Oaks filly of 1838 was beaten to pieces, with unparalleled ease, by Kremlin, in a very slow and very bad race. Bee's-wing (of Doncaster Cup fame) had an inglorious victory over Antigua, and the only run of the day was for the Champagne Stakes. Tuesday opened with a walk-over by the winner of the last-named race; this was followed by an indifferent run for the Cleveland, and then came the great event. The public mind had been a little prepared by previous rumors, still Bloomsbury lacked not friends. His case, since he won the Derby, has excited much attention, and *sympathy did the work of reason*; in addition to which, Charles XII. had been little tried, and was as little known. Of course, as in all cases where a horse on which money depends loses, there are plenty who are ready to cry "he has been made safe," and allusions to Cobhamizing were heard. It appeared to us that the horse had been neglected, and we state this unreservedly; whether he had trained off, or was not in a state to be brought up to the mark, those who had the care of him best know; his friends declare that he suffered from the want of a competent trial horse—certainly he was not as he has been, nor as he should be. The confidence of the party was clearly out after the Leger, for why run him for the Three Year Old Stake on the Thursday if he had a chance for the Cup? His running on that day was a most lamentable exhibition; he made a successless struggle at the Red House, came *groggily* up the straight running, and was all over done before he reached the distance. He *has* been dreadfully neglected, and with whom but the owner can that neglect be? In that quarter there is no lack of judgment. The question is, not could Bloomsbury have won, but how came he into so bad a condition as really to be unfit to start? Let us leave this part of the affair and come to the winner, whose glory was prophecied by every stable-boy from Pigburn to Doncaster. He looked splendidly, and went well. W. Scott, his rider, appeared to us too nervous for his work; he has been blamed for doing too much too early, but the pace was really forced upon him. The lot came away at a bursting pace, and Euclid kept in dangerous work to be idle. Scott asserted himself when in straight running, and Connelly was really run upon the rails; but he picked his own quarters, and against the judge's decision it would be wrong to enter a caveat, but if there was any best about it Connelly had it, and this was admitted even by those who won upon Charles. In the next heat Euclid made the running; not wisely—though the pace was very, very moderate—but when the work began, it began in earnest. Scott, who still remained shakey, pulled at his horse very early, and both the jockies urged to the utmost. Charles won by a head, the difference, as it was by some parties remarked, not being much greater in the Swede's favor the second time than it was in Euclid's the first. Thinking somewhat with the few, as to the one point, we differ on the other. In the second run Charles had it clearly; it was more slowly, but it was better run.

The Cup renewed the sensation. Mr. Orde declared that the old mare must win, and many recollecting her running in 1837, and her second of 1838, agreed in the assertion. Others scouted the idea of a stale mare doing any thing against such a three year old. Great and general was the regret that Euclid had not been entered for the Cup. When the bell rang, many of the Charles-ites fell a feather or two on finding that Lye was his rider. That jockey, though first born of the family of Wide-awakes, lacks physical force; he was almost unable to bring up his horse for the Gascoigne Stakes, and is certainly unlikely to make a holding race upon an animal as powerful as Charles the Twelfth.

The horse looked well, and the jockey anxious as they went down to the Red-house; Beeswing and Lanercost followed lovingly together, Cartwright and Holmes conversing as they went, to the great dismay of some anxious gentlemen, who anticipated that a dodge of some kind was in concoction. When dodges are intended, they are arranged before the eleventh hour. The racing was opened, but not maintained, by the winner; and when half up the straight running, the mare, who was near the rails, had apparently the best of it. The work began about four hundred yards from home, Cartwright having before this administered the thong pretty freely—the struggle became furious, and Charles seemed to have to do his utmost to keep alongside the four-year old from the distance, it was flying rather than running, Beeswing being quite out of the affair. It was said that Lanercost was forced too early, but he is a sluggish horse; and the event (although he did not win) approved Cartwright's tactics. Charles looked little the worse for his double Leger, and Cup run; he is an extraordinary animal, and if 1839 does not wind him up, he will be heard of hereafter.—The non-appearance of Harkaway is accounted for (how satisfactorily we will not say) by Mr. Ferguson's letter—give a dog an ill name, and we know the rest—and unprincipled people *might enter* the Irish horse for their own purposes, but *when* did Mr. Ferguson first hear that Harkaway was to go for it, and did he refute the assertion then? The winnings have been but moderate, and that word may be applied in all respects to the meeting. Sunday Times.

ENGLISH TROTTING.

The trotting match so long anticipated, between Mr. Hollingworth's (of Bilston) Birmingham mare Lady, and Mr. Smith's b. g. Alexander, is arranged to come off on the training-ground of the Liverpool race course on the 27th of November next, for the best of heats, three miles each. The stake is £200 a side, 50 ft.; the amount now deposited in the hands of Mr. Peter Eastwood, Royal Hotel, Liverpool. We have also pleasure in announcing another match of equal importance, to be decided on the 29th November (two days after the above), between the Birmingham mare and Mr. Smith's b. g. Bob Logic. This match is for ten miles on the same ground, and for a stake of £500 a side—£100 deposited with the same party, and to be forfeited if not made good the day before the time. The weights in both cases not to exceed 13 st. Mr. Hollingworth and Mr. Smith have agreed to throw these matches open to all England, and any party wishing to enter a horse for one or both matches, may do so by paying the same deposit to Mr. Eastwood, and the whole will then be a sweepstakes. These matches no doubt will be ably contested, and will excite more interest than any event which has taken place in the trotting world for some years. Mr. Smith, we understand, gives Mr. Hollingworth £50 to have the matches come off at Liverpool.

Burke, of trotting celebrity, has backed a mare of his to trot 15, 16, and 17 miles, in saddle, within the hour, within ten miles of London, on Monday, the 28th inst. He has been laid £30 even on the first two events, and £40 to £30 on the last. On Thursday the same trotting hero backed his bay mare to trot a mile against a cart horse belonging to Mr. Laws, in Jackson's Grounds. The mare took the lead, but broke, when the horse came out and won easy. Burke then backed his mare to trot fifteen miles in one hour next day, for £25, over the same course, and on Friday afternoon the start took place. It was six to four against the mare at starting, and in the middle of the match two to one was laid against her; she then gradually got more in favor, and at eleven miles was backed at even. At the end of the 14th mile it was five to two on her, and no takers In the 15th mile she stopped, but had still time to spare. At three quarters of a mile from the finish Burke got her again into a trot, but about two hundred yards from home she stopped once more, and finally lost the match by 11 seconds. She broke twice. Bell's Life in London.

NEWBURGH REGATTA.

THE Newburgh Amateur Clubs' Purse, for 1840, of 50 half Eagles, five or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle; free for all six oared boats; and a purse of 40 half Eagles, four or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle, free for all four oared boats. The clubs of our neighboring cities are invited. [nov9-3t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next. Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—
The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.
Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.
Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR NOVEMBER.

THE 11th No. of this work was published on the 1st Nov., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:
Wild Duck Shooting: on Steel by Dick, after F. C. Turner.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, November 2, 1839.

IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE following are expected daily to arrive in Mobile. The yearlings will be for sale, and such an opportunity for procuring the most choice Blood of England at moderate prices, may not occur again for years.

1. *Riddlesworth* (a Stallion), 11 years old, by Emilius, (sire of Priam and Plenipo,) out of Filagree, the dam of Cobweb, and grand dam of Bay Middleton. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased, and brought back by Mr. Tattersall. He is 16 hands high, and one of the most powerful horses in the kingdom. In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 guinea Stakes, against large fields of the best horses in the country, and ran second for the Derby. In the latter race he received an injury, and though trained afterwards, was unsuccessful on the turf.
2. Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, Langford, &c.
3. Bay filly, by Camel (sire of Touchstone), out of Codicil (the dam of Heiress), by Smolensko, out of Legacy by Beningbrough, winner of the St. Leger.
4. Ch. filly, by Langar (sire of Elis), dam by Blacklock, out of Marchesa by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam.
5. Bay colt, by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar, out of Spotless, the dam of Lamplighter, &c.

Riddlesworth is purchased and sent out by the order of several gentlemen of this place, and will probably stand somewhere in the vicinity of Montgomery. The yearlings were kindly put in by Mr. Tattersall to lessen the expenses on the Stallion; and having no interest in the affair but that of serving a friend, (and one, too, proverbially kind to Americans,) I can with propriety recommend them to any of my friends who wish to purchase.

Some shares in Riddlesworth will also be for sale, as the principal object of the importers is to have the use of a fine stallion for themselves and acquaintances. There is perhaps no horse in the country, except Priam, who has higher claims.

JOSIAH C. NOTT.

P.S. They may be seen during the week of the Races in Mobile, which commence on the 26th November. [nov9]

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct to Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. [nov9-tljan]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the *Kendall Course*, near Baltimore, Md., to wit:

The Sewell Stakes—Spring Meeting, 1840. The race to take place at 12 o'clock, 1st day of the meeting, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April by paying $50; to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 8 subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. James V. Wagner, not named.
4. Col. D. Jenifer, not named.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names filly by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen. Thos. Emery names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Betsey Wilson, the dam of Lady Clifden.

There are many more gentlemen who have promised to patronise our worthy President's stake; they will please take notice of its closing.

No. 2. Is the Pete Whetstone Stakes. You willall subscribe to Pete's Stake, and mind he don't beat you, he is such a quar fellow. This stake is for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1838, and to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft. to name and close 1st January, 1840 Now 7 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edwd. H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.
4. Francis Thompson, not named.
5. W. T. Mason names Jas. Long's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel, not named.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his ch. mare by Eclipse.

No. 3. Is a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 3 subs., to wit:

1. Gov. Saml. Sprigg, not named.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson, not named.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.

No. 4. Is the Ladies' Stakes, for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting of 1843, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by paying $50 on the 1st April, 1843; to name and close on the 1st Jan., 1840. Now 20 subs., to wit:

1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel, not named.
3. R. J. Worthington names produce of Aramenta, by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, the produce of Toynell, by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora, by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
9. Col. Charles S. Sewell names produce of Miss Phillips and Drone.
10. Henry Shepherd names produce of his Catton mare and Imp. Emancipation.
11. Also, produce of his Lottery mare and Imp. Emancipation.
12. Chas. S. W. Dorsey names produce of Buck-eye's dam and Imp Emancipation.
13. Also, produce of Mazeppa and Young Oscar mare.
14. Gov. Sam Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Priam.
15. Also, produce of Violetta Lansdale and John Bull.
16. Col. Daniel Jenifer, not named.
17. Edwd. J. Hamilton, not named.
18. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Foreigner.
19. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy, by Imp. Hedgeford, and Imp. Priam.
20. Charles Boswell names produce of his Valentine mare and Imp. Priam.

No. 5. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, to be run Spring Meeting of 1840, Three mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st March, 1840.

[nov2-5t] J. B. KENDALL.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start: if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 26th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Truffle, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 2d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey, the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 222), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of imp. Phantonia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c. BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 12, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans. RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

NASHVILLE N. C. FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Nashville Course* will commence on Wednesday, the 13th of Nov. next, and continue three days:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close in both, on Monday, the 11th Nov.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above, on the 11th Nov.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $20, subject to the usual discount.

Letters of entrance to be addressed to Proprietor, at Nashville, N. C.
Stables and litter furnished gratis.

JOHN S. ARRINGTON, *Proprietor.*

Nashville, N. C., Oct. 9, 1839 [oct 19-4t]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 21, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. Great Western Stake, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. Grey Eagle Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. The Hotel Stake, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the Post the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. Gold Stake, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup, value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club. [oct26]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan , 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats ; three or more to make a race ; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats ; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats ; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*
Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840 ; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race ; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed ; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp' mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old ; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct 26]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued ; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric ; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York :—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings : the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHELWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor ; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue ; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix ; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor ; The English Racing Season for 1838 ; by Craven ; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod : American Racing Calendar of 1839 ; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances ; The High Prices of Stallions ; Blood will Come out ; Horse Letter Writers ; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic ; Register of Pedigrees ; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor ; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel : the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor ; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey ; Oriental Field Sports ; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor ; Killing Trout out of Season ; On Bridling and Bitting Horses ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor ; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine ; Racing in Russia ; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar ; On Arab Horses ; English Popular Racing Stallions ; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838 ; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse ; Memoir of Imp. Philip ; A Maryland Fox Hunt ; The late Match in Virginia ; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator ; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel ; Sales of Blood Stock ; Boat Song ; New Theory of Stallions ; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart ; On Training, by Expedition ; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester ; How to Buy a Horse ; Observations on the Spring Campaign ; Comparison of the Speed of Horses ; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds ; The Washington and Baltimore Races ; Register of Pedigrees ; Racing Calendar of 1839 ; The Blood Hound ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester ; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos ;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur ; Notes of the Month ; Turfiana ; American Sporting Gallery ; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses ; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings ; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third ; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur ; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex : Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J." ; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood ; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice ;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer ;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton ; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings ; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY ; by Dick, after A. Cooper ; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION ; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor ; Memoir of Deception, by the Same ; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur ; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe ; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes" ; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter" ; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor" ; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow ; "A." on Stallions ; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B." ; Notes of the Month ; Sales of Blood Stock ; New Race Courses ; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839 ; Descriptions of the Courses ; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses ; Table of Abbreviation ; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel ; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor ; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester ; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J." ; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark ; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur ; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse" ; Turf Register ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor ; English Racing Calendar ; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel ; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester ;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain ;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus ;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V., by An Amateur ; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod ;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning ; Notes of the Month, by the Editor ; American Racing Calendar ; English Racing Calendar ; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office ; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled ; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publisher, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit ; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839 :

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs Nott & Fearns) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Saith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary.

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of those cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are ; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit ; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841 ; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake ; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk, Jesse Cage, G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842 ; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race ; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham, Henry Dickinson, George Elliott,
Saml Ragland, Alex. Barrow, Thos. Kirkman,
Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.
1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats ; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats ; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840 ; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.
Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered :

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race ; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next ; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840 ; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race ; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz :

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race ; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*
P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.: to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. James Jackson. Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry. Jesse Cage. George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders unwevedistant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All commun

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 9—A favorite Opera, in which the whole of the Operatic Troupe will ap ear.

MONDAY, Nov. 11—Fifth night of Mons. ALEXANDRE'S engagement, on which occasion he will appear in a new entertainment, called THE INNKEEPER OF CALAIS, OR, ONE TO SEVEN.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12—Miss POOLE'S Benefit; FRA DIAVOLO and other entertainments, in which the Operatic Troupe will appear.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—M. ALEXANDRE'S Benefit.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—A favorite Opera, and other entertainments.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—M. ALEXANDRE'S 7th night, on which occasion he will by particular desire perform the entertainment of THE ROGUERIES OF NICHOLAS, in French.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 9—For the Benefit of Mr. HILL, and the last night of his appearance, when will be acted a new Drama called THE KING'S GARDENER, OR, NIPPED IN THE BUD, in which Miss REYNOLDS, from the London Theatres, will perform—her first appearance in New York, having volunteered her services. To be followed by the first act of SETH SLOPE; Seth Slope, Mr. HILL. After which, Madame LECOMTE'S company will appear in a Grand Ballet. To conclude with the YANKEE PEDLAR; Yankee Pedlar, Mr. HILL.

The public is respectfully informed that Mr. FORREST is engaged for a limited period, and will make his first appearance on Monday next, as Cardinal Richelieu, in Bulwer's Play of RICHELIEU; to be followed by a popular Farce.

Mr. FORREST will appear in one of his celebrated characters every night during the week.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Another week of dull, ruinous business at the two great theatres. The election furnishes one point of explanation; the hard times another. At the Park, the vocalists appeared on Tuesday in "Fidelio." The first acts were perfectly done—nothing can exceed the solemn and touching harmonies of this great opera; the instrumentation is magnificent. No music ever so completely takes possession of your soul—so "laps you in Elysium." But most unfortunately, Mr. MANVERS was again ill—so much so, that an apology was made for him.

ALEXANDRE, too, has been ill—so hoarse that he could not appear till last evening. This has compelled the vocalists to sing every night—the very course to knock them up again.

On Thursday, "La Gazza Ladra" was played, and most delightfully. Mrs. MARTYN sang *di piacer* deliciously. She is a nazingly improved since she left us for Philadelphia—has more volume of voice and sings with more ease. Her *Ninetta* promises to become her favorite character. How people can lose the present opportunity of hearing such music, thus executed, is incomprehensible, unless upon the hypothesis that there is no more money in this community to spare for pleasure. The duet of Mrs. Martyn and the charming Miss POOLE would of itself, in times gone by, have filled the Park. Miss Poole is an immense favorite; she is so pretty that the pit rise to her, when she comes out; then her voice is unequalled for sweetness and a rich fulness, and more than all, she sings with an ease we never have seen in any other vocalist. A robin, in its simplest carol, uses more effort than does Miss Poole.

Mr. GIUBELEI, in the *Podesta*, produces his greatest effect; no bass singer ever surpassed him in this country. Mr. MARTYN has too little to sing; Mr. RICHINGS sang his music on Thursday better than ever before—we did not think he had so much music in him. Mr. Manvers had partially recovered his voice—but he sang unequally—possibly our knowledge of the pain it cost him marred his performance to our mind.

We have not room for many theatrical notices to day. Of this opera we would in conclusion say, that it is extremely well sung—that the orchestra is admirably disciplined, save a notorious trumpet—that POVEY plays and sings the *Jew* well—that the dog they let loose upon him is worse even than the dog in "Widow Wiggins"—that the magpie has little to boast of in the way of voice—and that every lover of music should support the management in giving us such operas as "La Gazza Ladra" and "Fidelio."

Last night the bill at both houses promised extraordinary entertainment, and the attendance was better. The first act of "La Gazza Ladra" was sung at the Park pretty well—Miss Poole did not introduce the song which she was advised by the "Courier" to do, and Mr. Richings fell off a little, we thought—it is physically impossible for him to do the music justice. This is all the opera calls for.

CHAPMAN, a low comedian from London, was introduced in *Skirts*, in "The man about town." He made a hit in his songs; one stolen from a song which sang to us inimitably—or at least built on the same model—was encored by acclamation. The farce, and his song, abounded in wit, which he gave with effect. The jokes are a little too English, too cockney, to be very generally caught; this is the notable fault. We need only say, further, that Chapman is a good deal in the line of old JOHN REEVE—it would be a high recommendation for him with us, that he recalled, ever so faintly, the fun of "glorious Jack."

The National.—Mr. KEAN has played *Richard, Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Othello,* and *Macbeth,* since our last. His great character is *Melnotte,* in the popular estimation—*Hamlet* is actually the best, while *Richard* draws the best houses. The quantity of English theatricals in our paper to-day excludes an extended notice of Mr. Kean.

HILL—Yankee Hill—opened here on Tuesday—the night that the waterspout, or something like it, poured upon the city. We reckon "the crittur" had a shy house; it will not be so to-night, for it is his benefit. You who would see the real Yankee, go and get your tickets.

English Theatricals.

The Great Western brought us quantities of English theatrical news, and one hardly knows where to commence in copying it. The great event may perhaps be the opening of Covent Garden by Madame VESTRIS. Shakspeare's "Love's Labour Lost" was revived for that occasion; indeed, it had not before been played since the days of its immortal author, if the London press be credited. The house was crowded in every part to hear it, and it was aided by all the appliances of fine scenery and appropriate costume, which Madame ever insists upon, in any establishment under her care. But after all the play failed. Such is the unanimous verdict of the press; the audience listened patiently, but the thing *dragged*—there was a terrible want of applause, and "Love's Labour Lost" has since given place to other and more attractive novelties.

"The School for Scandal" has been the next great undertaking at Covent Garden, and there again every expense was lavished in the getting up; the screen scene is described as inimitable—nothing like it has before been seen. The success of the Comedy was fair—not better. The cast was not thought strong by the critics, although Madame and "CHARLES," FARREN and COOPER, and other famous names were in the bill. The manageress bore away the palm, and her *Lady Teazle* was pronounced the best and most evenly sustained character in the play. The "Post" says "she was arch, lively, and ladylike, and put out the playful satire of her scandal-sallies with a most enjoying relish and spirit. She played the coaxer and the quarreller with *Sir Peter*, too, with British skill; and in the discovery scene she looked like modesty sitting ashamed and pouting upon the stool of repentance." We cannot bear to write of Madame Vestris, it awakens such regret, and almost indignation, whenever we hear her mentioned. That we should, as a play-going people, have failed to appreciate a cleverness so rare, a grace and finish absolutely perfect, is certainly disreputable—an opprobrium upon our theatrical taste. But the "Spirit" erred not, and weekly put forth its columns of commendation, and in this do we find our consolation.

The Londoners have rather a contemptuous opinion of the Yankees in affairs of the stage—altogether unjust, moreover. The error, the single error, was sending home Vestris because she was "old and ugly;" for, after all, *that* was the secret of her failure. Some weekly paper in England, in criticising a man called TERNAN, says of him that he roars and rants, &c., and then adds, "that may do well enough for the Yankees, but cannot pass here." Whence did they obtain this notion of our fondness for rant? We have certainly had the finest models upon which to form our taste, and at this very day, we have more talent from England on our stage than is left there. It would hardly be too much to say that they can at this moment cast certain comedies at the Park more powerfully than even Vestris, in her time-honored establishment. There is one deficiency, however, in the Park corps even in comedy, which it would be ungallant to name; and then, again, the audience never insists sufficiently upon fine scenery, stage furniture, and the like. The new theatre will set all this right, however. Competition is a sovereign cure for such "short-comings."

Revénons à nôs moutons. CHARLES MATHEWS played *Charles Surface,* and made a hit. It is not pretended that he compares with CHARLES KEMBLE—who can in that character?—but he did it well enough to satisfy the house, and gain commendation from the press. We begin to doubt if the like of Charles Kemble is ever to be seen again; the recollection of his *Benedick, Young Mirabel, Charles Surface,* and *Mercutio,* always excites regret for his loss; we see clever men in these parts, but no one who ever comes up to the graceful, manly bearing of Charles Kemble; he seemed indeed not to be playing: you felt all the while that you were looking upon the *original* of the character—the individual whose peculiarities the author had embodied.

FARREN is at Covent Garden, and played *Sir Peter Teazle* in this comedy. We read with surprise, in the "Morning Post" the following critique, because we had supposed that he was *the* Sir Peter by general consent.

"He was very droll, very various, very powerful occasionally, and perhaps very effective altogether, and he was greatly cheered. But we think he both misconceives and overacts his part, and, in a comedy which of all others is a comedy for the dress boxes, plays too much to the gallery. He wants to be more gentle, more subdued, and more refined. According to his own notion of the part, however, he played with dramatic force and vigor, though the part is a little above his style. We can afford to praise him heartily—as indeed did the audience—although critically we dissent from his reading."

If this be not strong censure, yet does it surprise, lauded as has Mr. Farren been. We have often sought from theatrical critics comparisons between Farren and our own Placide; Farren is the only man living whom "Harry" does not surpass in his line, and he has more versatility of genius beyond all doubt. It may well be questioned, if a steady devotion to a narrower line of business would not give him an undoubted ascendancy.

Upon the whole, we should judge that Madame Vestris was paying her way in her new house; once or twice a week she gives entertainments like those which made the fortunes of the "Olympic," and on such nights the prices are reduced to the Olympic scale. But the prominent feature in her management is to give comedy with the same perfection of stage effect that characterized Macready's productions of tragedy. The experiment promises every success, and the number of the nobility and people of distinction who have visited her house, although "the town is deserted," is unusually large. They had a row the first night however. It was a part of Madame's system to close the upper gallery altogether, and add a sixpence sterling to the price of the next one. To this "the gods" demurred the moment the house opened—the play could not go on—Vestris was hissed—at last "Charles" came forward and graciously announced that thenceforth the price of admittance to that gallery should be one shilling. This offering appeased the "immortals," the play went on, and the management will lose some thousand dollars a year by the several changes.—Pleasant business to be thus subject to the caprices of some twenty rowdies, for the number engaged in this business was not larger!

On the 16th of October, Dr. ARNE'S opera of "Artaxerxes" was brought out. It was considered the test of the musical strength of the company, and therefore awakened an interest which was increased by the first appearance of two candidates for theatrical honors—Miss AUSTIN and BORRANI. Our readers have a right to know all about them and we therefore quote liberally from our several files, premising that it is more convenient to talk as if in our own person, than constantly to say "the Courier says," or "the Post says," &c.

The house was early filled, and the curtain drew up to a crowded audience who received the fair *debutante* with a hearty welcome of encouragement. Miss Austin is the pupil of Mr. T. WELSH, a professor who has been hitherto most skilful in his tuition, and remarkable for the *eclat* with which he has brought out his fair charges: witness the names of STEPHENS, WILSON, and SHIRREFF. His careful cultivation of the flexibilities and intonation of the voice, and his attention to chasteness and finish, had prepared the public to expect the utmost polish from his pupils, and thus a most effective *debut* was generally prophesied for the new *Mandane.* And in truth she made one, if applause be the criterion. She was cheered from first to last, two or three times encored, and finally called for at the fall of the curtain. VESTRIS led her on, and she received the warm congratulations of the house. In respect to the measure of her abilities, however, the press is divided. The best opinion seems to be that Miss AUSTIN is an acquisition to the vocal stage, but will never make an English *prima donna,* and, therefore, never a finished nor brilliant *Mandane.* Her voice is a high and very powerful soprano, going as far as E (a note which she touched with more shrilliness than expression), but wanting the quality of richness, and not endowed with the round and mellow fulness which lends so much soul to song. It is, however, clear, strong, and of great volume, and Miss Austin uses it with very considerable execution.

Of her acting there is not much to record. Perhaps the public were a little disappointed in it, from having heard that the lady had been tutored by CHARLES YOUNG, and so expected much. There was too much cultivating the audience with curtsies, and a slight want of grace in the continued fall of both arms upon the dress. *Au reste,* however, the playing of Miss Austin evinced talent and self-possession, and there was nothing *gauche* or confused in her deportment. She was, as we have said, in high favor with the audience all through, and the stamp of public approbation was certainly impressed most completely upon her *debut.*

BORRANI, too, made a decided hit. He has a magnificent bass voice, which tells finely in recitatives, and he accompanies it with some energy in expression and action. He wants modulation, however, and sings occasionally out of time. In the air in the first act, "Thy father, away, I renounce the soft claim," he was encored. He must be said to have acquitted himself generally well, and he was called for after *Mandane.* He certainly made a good *Artabanes.* The *Artaxerxes* of Vestris was beautiful as usual. To say that she sustained the part as she has ever done is to give her as high praise as can be bestowed. She was rapturously encored in the song "In infancy our hopes and fears."

We should observe of Borrani that this is but a *nom de guerre*; his real name is Boisragon, and he is the son of a physician of Cheltenham.

On the 16th ult., BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," was revived, on the same scale of expense with the two plays named above. This brings down a portion of the London press upon the house, who rebuke the play as immoral in its purpose. Every body knows that it is full of indelicacy—it was written for another age—but that it is immoral in its aim, does not appear. It was curtailed and shaped, so as to offend as little as possible, and kept the house in a roar of laughter. RANGER has taken hold of this play, and altered entirely the moral character of *Margarita,* and he has done this by changing a few lines only. This is the character most obnoxious to censure, and we may now hope to see it thus altered on the Park stage, and be able to enjoy the racy wit, "the wit, raciness, and humor—the gems of poetry, morality, and philosophy—the quaint devices—the sparkling thoughts and rare conceits and maxims," which abound in every work of Beaumont and Fletcher.

But we have wandered from our purpose in speaking of the play; we notice it, because young VANDENHOFF made his debut in it, in the part of *Leon.* He played it respectably, was warmly cheered throughout, and called for at the close of the performance. We infer from such notices of him as have met our eye, (the London Sunday papers of the 20th ult. will tell all) that he has been well drilled, that he has few faults, and that he never rants, but that he lacks fire and soul—that "expressive earnestness which is the soul of all eloquence, on the stage or in the senate."

Enough said for Covent Garden, and but little to say of Drury Lane. The opening of this theatre was delayed by the extensive preparations which Hammond is making. Monday the 28th ult. was the day fixed upon for the commencement of his season, but he was not probably able to open till Monday last; his enterprise does not promise unbounded success. It shows the estimation in which WALLACK is held at home, that the friends of Drury Lane are deploring on the manager's account, that Wallack's health will not allow him to fulfil his engagement there. We had not before heard of his illness, though the cares of his own management may well enough bind him to New York. His theatre never flourishes in his absence. The papers say that Wallack was to have appeared in a new play by JERROLD, called the "Spendthrift," and they are now casting about for some one who may sustain his part—the most prominent one in the play.

The interior of this house has been completely refreshed; cartloads of filth and rubbish have been removed, and everything was to be in good acting order. Great reliance is placed upon the production there of the Strand *Rifacciamento* of Scribe's *Fairy Lake,* done by Selby, the Actor, with Alexander Lee's selection of music, none of the original by Auber having been introduced. In this piece Mrs. Waylett is to make her first appearance since her indisposition. Some beautiful scenery has been painted for it by Marshall and Parker. The system of management to be pursued at this theatre is understood to be that of a steady course of novelty, avoiding *stars* and *monstrosities,* and keeping the expenses within bounds. The *Fairy Lake* is confidently expected to run to Christmas, if not to overflowing houses.

The Haymarket is coining money, with MACREADY and POWER playing the same night. The expense is tremendous, but the houses equally so. BULWER has written another five-act play for Macready, which was read at this house on the 12th ult., and approved. It is called "Norman; or the Birthright;" many of the scenes are laid in Devonshire and Cornwall. It is to be produced immediately.

Power brings out a new play every week or two, but all allow that the old ones, with *him,* are enough to fill the house. The papers, therefore, wonder why WEBSTER puts up Macready the same nights with him. Power comes to this country next year—would that he were here now, that once again we might see the Park crammed for six successive nights. His latest new play is a farce in two acts, from the pen of Mr. BERNARD, the author of "The Nervous Man," entitled "His Last Legs," which was produced on the 15th ult., with most brilliant success. It is said to be one of the best and most unflagging pieces seen for years, and it has the merit of originality—not being altered or adapted from the French—but moulded out of the crucible of the author's own humor. The plot is excellently conceived, the situations full of dramatic drollery and effect, the transitions and points of equivoque smart, rapid, and lively, and the whole result perfectly irresistible. The audience literally roared from first to last. The great gun of the farce was Power, who, in the person of a *Mr. O'Callaghan,* enacted the part of a gentleman on his "last legs;" in other words, fresh from difficulty, which is synonymous with imprisonment, and anxious to take at the flood that particular tide which is said to lead to fortune. The fun all through was quite irresistible. Power played admirably. He bustled, he blundered, he ranted, he wooed, he finessed, he chuckled, and, from first to last, he was one active provocative of laughter. At the fall of the curtain he announced the farce for repetition nightly amid shouts of laughter and applause.

Miss TREE, upon closing her engagement with Webster at the Haymarket, repaired to Liverpool. The "Liverpool Standard" of the 18th of Oct. is perfectly crazy about her, and lauds her to the skies. We like those papers, as we like those men, who do things heartily; when they praise they mean something, and say it, and when they hate, they hate with a vengeance. Miss Tree was ever our admiration, and it is gratifying to see in English papers commendations of her acting, as warm as the "Spirit" used to write about her.

The Adelphi is in the full tide, &c. It opened with HACKETT and JIM CROW, "the American artists"—"Kaintuck" against "Old Virginny" was the game, and the manager won. Hackett has played most of his favorite characters, and with decided success. As judicious a criticism upon his *Rip Van Winkle* as ever was written, appears in one of the London papers. It was our purpose to copy it, but where shall we find room? Hackett received £60 a week at the Adelphi, and he is already engaged at Drury Lane for ten nights, at £20 a night. Good business this for "the Baron!"

Jim Crow pleases as well as ever; he played, the first night, *Cæsar* in *The Kentuckian.* An Englisher thus speaks of him:—"He sang two songs and a duet, all of which were encored—but *hiatus maxime deflendus!* he omitted the "merrie and conceited ballad" entitled "Jim Crow." Rice without "Jim Crow!" Earth without sunshine—salad without oil—roast beef without mustard—these things might be borne, but T. D. Rice before us, in all his lengthy blackness, and not "wheeling about"—the thing is not to be borne. It is true, he sang "I do, I do, I don't do nothing," and something about "Corn cobs" (we don't pretend to know what that means), but were every ballad in six thousand ballads in six parts (which most of his are), and every part a ballad, we would not hear them, we would have "Jim Crow." Rice acted with his accustomed whim, and astonished the audience by an admirable imitation of young Kean; it drew forth a terrific burst of applause."

We do not learn that any new plays have been written for *Jim,* but yet is he in luck, as we learn from the following announcement:—

"Mrs. Rice has presented her husband with a little "Jemima Crow," and we are happy to say is as well as can be expected."

We must stop writing of English theatricals, but it would be wrong to do so without a word for the two American "Lion Kings," VAN AMBURGH and CARTER—the two men who just at this moment are making a greater sensation in Europe than did the death of MAHMOUD, or the defeat of DON CARLOS.

Van Amburgh has been bitten by one of his lions—he has subdued him—he is going to St. Petersburgh—thence to Vienna, where his engagement is already made—he has made a small mint of money for his employers. Carter gave a rehearsal on the 11th October, attended by many of the editors, and subsequently he appeared in public at ASTLEY'S. His success was triumphant.—He has been suffering from a dislocation of his knee, but was strong enough to go through his business.

We have a quantity of theatrical news in addition to the above, but have neither time nor room for it this week.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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